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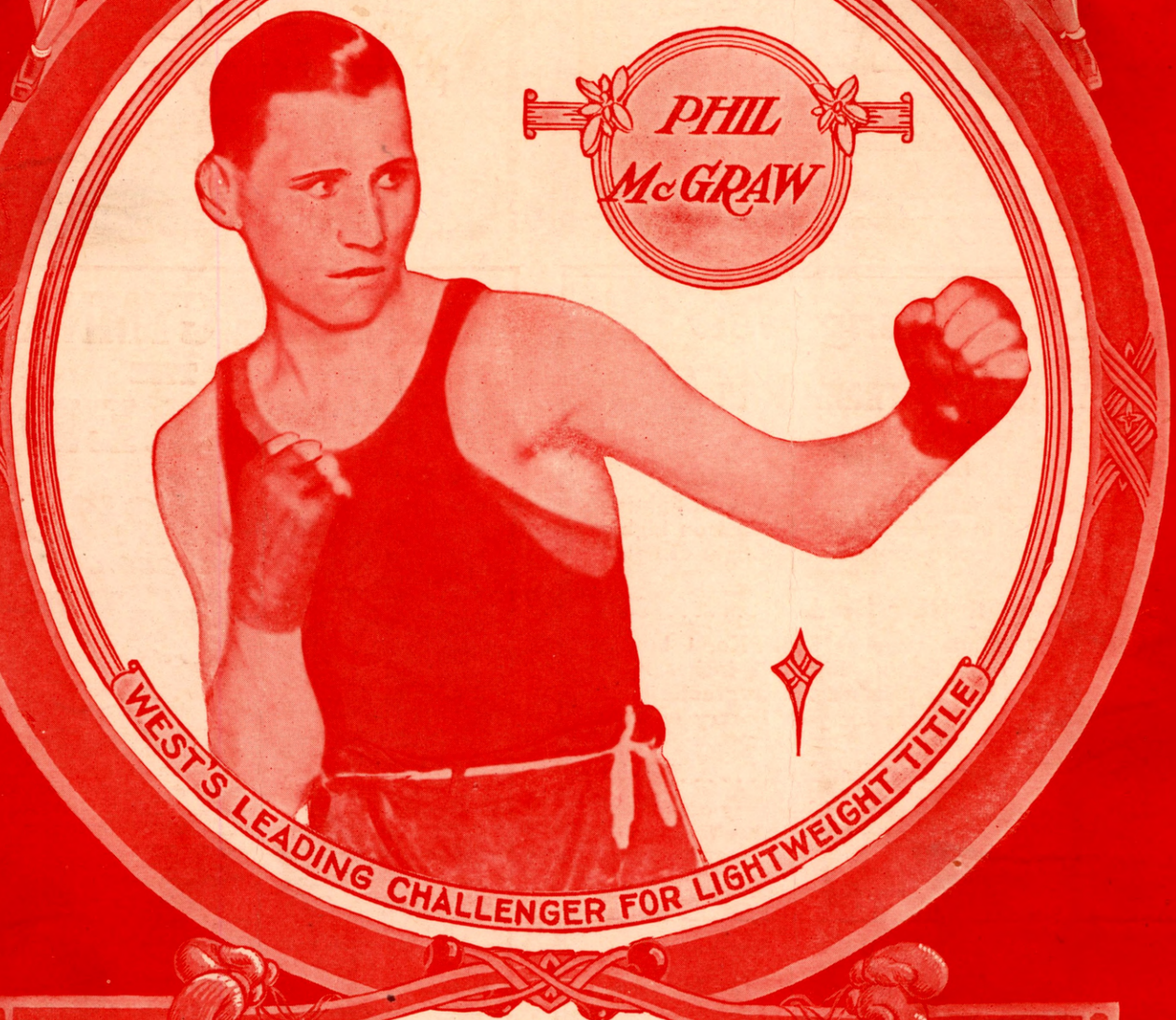

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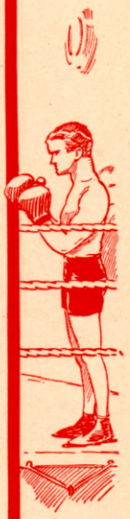

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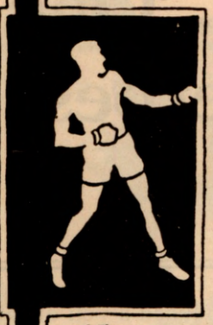

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Table of Contents

Eddie Santry, Boxer, Legislator—By Jim Mullens 4
Barry-Leon Battles Fistic Classics—By Charles Harvey 6
Boxing Around Chicago in "Good Old Days"—By Jack Curley 7
Dempsey, Greatest Heavyweight—By Billy Gibson 8
San Francisco Has Another Corbett 10
Eddie Munson, Champion Time Keeper—By Ed Williamson 11
Romance of Pete Latzo—By Edward Merrill 12
In a Lighter Vein—By Daniel M. Daniel 13
Jeffries and Sharkey Put On Gloves—By Nelson Carruthers 14
DeForest Tells Inside Story of Firpo 15
The Triple Cross (Part Two)—Fiction—By Frank Graham 16
La Barba's Hardest Fight—By Himself 18
Six Pepper Pot Rounds—By E. E. Irvine 19
As We See It—Editorial Comment—By Nat Fleischer 20
Greece Turns Loose Fistic Cyclone in McGraw—By Francis Albertanti 22
Horace Leeds, Great Lightweight—By Dr. H. K. Gerow 24
Boxing in Europe—By "Sparrow" Robertson 25
In Our Question Box—Queries Answered by Francis Albertanti 26
New York Fisticuffs—By Left Jab 28
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Our Correspondents 29
Training—Then and Now—By Arthur Lumley 38

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Eddie Santry, Boxer, Legislator, One of Chicago's Greatest Fistic Heroes

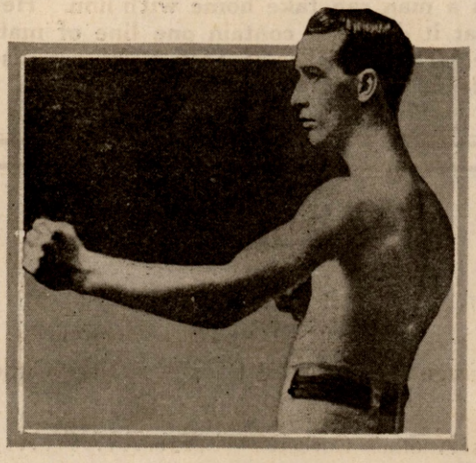
By JIM MULLENS

THE return of boxing to Chicago recalls to the old timers the days when the Windy City boasted of some of the greatest fighters this country has ever produced. Of the list, the names of Harry Gilmore, Eddie Santry, Jimmy Barry, George Kerwin, Jimmy Clabby, Harry Forbes, Clarence Forbes, Milburn Saylor, Billy Rockford, Packey McFarland, Benny Yanger, Billy Stift, Jack Root, Jack Moffat, Buddy Ryan, Young Moath (The Motorman), Tommy White, Charley White, Martin Duffy, Johnny Coulon, John Willie, were among those prominent.

It was on August 14th, 1899, that Santry, who went from the ring to the legislature like John Morrissey and Martin McCue of New York, furnished fistic fans with the greatest surprise of that year when he held the great George Dixon to a draw at the Broadway Athletic Club of New York City in a return match and almost succeeded in gaining the decision. It was only the splendid condition of Dixon that saved the day for him. In fact many experts the day following the battle declared that Santry won.

On June 6th, 1897, Santry faced Dixon at the Lenox Club of the same city and was so scared that he refused to stand up and fight for fear that the chocolate colored champion might score a knockout and Santry got the verdict in 20 rounds. On February 12 of the following year Santry lost a six round contest to Dixon in Chicago. In their third engagement, Santry furnished the fireworks and, fighting a clean, aggressive contest, gained a draw. Santry fought with remarkable cleverness in this bout, and on several ocasions he had Dixon so distressed that the champion was as wild as a March hare.

Aside from the battle itself, which will long live in the memory of those who saw it, the affair was a most noteworthy one as Santry, who still lives in Chicago will testify, because of the many notables who sat at the ringside and the many fistic celebrities who were ushered into the ring to make up speeches. Included among those present were John L. Sullivan, who at this time had retired and in addition to taking a fling now and then at the stage was engaged in the saloon business; James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Peter Maher and a host of others.



Eddie Santry

CHEERS arose for John L. when he entered the club house and he was forced to go into the ring. Holding his hand up for order, the Boston Strong Boy, with a broad smile and his characteristic pose, following almost two minutes of wild cheering, remarked:

"I was introduced here this evening as the Father of Boxing. I don't think I deserve that title for there were many more men previous to my time who did as much for the ring game as did I. As you all know, I have quit the ring forever, and I have opened a beautiful saloon, with all that goes with it, on Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street. If all you friends who are cheering me so lustily tonight, will come and pay my saloon a visit, and drink plenty of the good liquor I have on hand, I'll guarantee that you'll all get knocked out just as I did."

This speech produced a yell of laughter from all and it was several more minutes before Sullivan could get back to his seat. Then Corbett was spied and an equally vociferous call was made for him. Corbett made his way into the ring and in a few words thanked the fight fans and told them how pleased he was to be greeted so kindly.

Tom Sharkey was next in line. The Sailor Boy, carrying a diamond in his tie that was almost as big as a ten cent piece, stood in the ring with his hands in his trouser pockets while the sparkler threw out a ray that brought forth comic remarks from the spectators. When the spectators ceased their cheering, Tom told the fans that he stood ready to fight anyone, anytime, any place and for any purse. This made a hit with all, and more cheering followed.

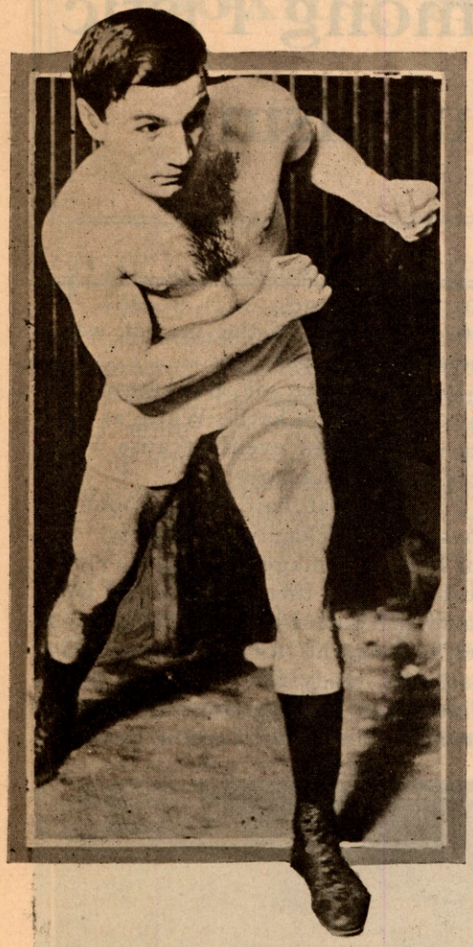
Then came Terry McGovern and Oscar Gardner. Terry was a busy fellow waving to his horde of admirers and when introduced the fans almost tore the house down with their wild applause, so much of a favorite was Terrible Terry in New York.

FOLLOWING the introductions, the fighters appeared in the centre of the ring and after instructions were received they quickly got into action.

Dixon appeared extremely lively. He began cutting out the pace, trying his famous left swings. Santry, who had a slight advantage in height, blocked them all prettily, but the colored lad shifted his attack and did a little effective work on the neck and body, with both hands.

Toward the end of the second round Santry cracked his opponent on the eye with a hard right swing. Santry was cool and shifty in the third, and had no trouble in avoiding the colored lad's vicious rushes. The Chicagoan had a suspicious looking lump under his right eye when he sat down, but he had easily made an even thing of

Chicago's Fistic Stars of the Past



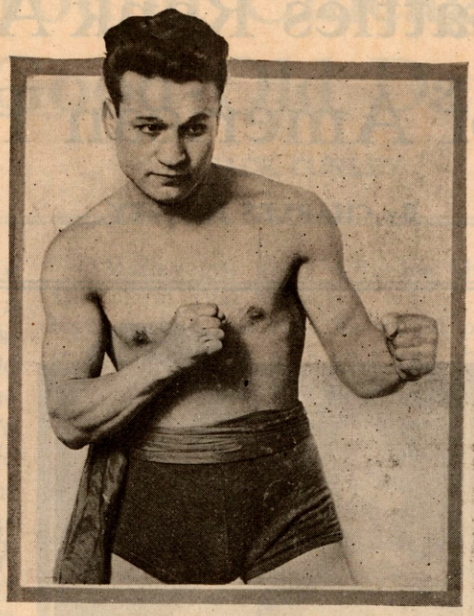
Benny Yanger

the round by thumping Dixon hard on the face and throat.

Santry showed a desire to mix it in the fourth, and he came out with flying colors. He reached the face repeatedly with left jabs and cut the champion's eye. Dixon pitched into his opponent, swinging both hands, but Santry took things easily and kept out of harm.

DIXON opened the fifth with a furious rush, but Santry stood him off with provoking left hand jabs, finally ripping open the other eye. Both stood in the centre of the ring and pounded away so desperately that the climax was expected any moment. Dixon kept up his fast pace in the sixth and got in the best blow of the round —a slashing left to the mouth. The colored lad plugged away at the body, and was doing nicely when Santry checked him with a left hook flush in the face.

Santry began to show his cleverness to advantage in the seventh, blocking and jabbing his man with comparative ease. Dixon managed to get back fast and do hard fighting on



Charley White

the wind. In the eighth Dixon continued his speedy pace and he scored hard several times on the head and body.

When the tenth round opened Dixon's left ear was bleeding, but the champion was not the least daunted. He continued to whip in body smashes. In the eleventh Santry outpointed the colored lad, and when the round had ended Dixon showed more blood than at any other time during his ring career.

DIXON forced the issue in the twelfth, and fired in a lot of damaging swings that got to the ribs, but were blocked from the head. Dixon landed more lefts on the ribs in the thirteenth and once had Santry retreating to a corner. But the latter clinched the ensuing rush and scored additional points with face jabs.

Dixon did the work in the fourteenth, but without indulging in his usual rushes. Santry blocked and jabbed, there being a lack of force in all of his blows. Santry stood the champion off in the fifteenth, in spite of Dixon's renewed efforts to get to him. Dixon's left eye was closed tight when he came out of his corner for the sixteenth. The round was even.

Santry had the seventeenth clearly on points, as he blocked most of Dixon's leads and scored repeatedly on the face with rapidly delivered left-handers. It was a stand off in the eighteenth, Dixon letting up somewhat. Dixon did the leading in the nineteenth, but not much damage was

Johnny Coulon

inflicted. Santry had a shade the better of the last round. The decision was a draw, and the crowd went wild. Santry, Chicago's pride who is now helping boxing by his defense of the sport in verbal arguments, proved himself a great fighter.

BOB DAVIS WRITES "RUBY BOB," ALIAS BOB FITZSIMMONS

"RUBY ROBERT, Alias Rob Fitzsimmons," by Robert H. Davis, a story of the days before romance left the prize ring, has been published by the George H. Doran Company. The story deals with the life, both in and out of the ring, of the last romantic ringman in the history of modern fistiana.

Bob Davis, who knew Fitz intimately, in his latest book on a great character, has added to the records of the ring many facts which hitherto had not been public property.

The story of "Ruby Bob," in the words of Bill McGeehan, who has written a splendid introduction to the book, "bares the soul of one gladiator and I think epitomizes the spirit of the ring before it degenerated into the cauliflower industry. In this story you have all the glamor, the pathos and the humor of the gladiatorial game from Rome to Boyle's Thirty Acres."

Barry-Leon Battles Rank Among Fistic Classics of American Pugilism

By CHARLES HARVEY

CHICAGO, which has just gained the right to stage boxing bouts under the protection of the State, was the scene of many stirring ring battles in the days when boxing was at its height in the Windy City, but it is doubtful if Mid-Western fans were treated to better fistic struggles than those between the late Casper Leon, who died on May 7 last and Jimmy Barry, bantamweight champion, who made his home in Chicago.

Born in 1872

LEON first saw the light of day at Palermo, Sicily, on December 8, 1872. His parents emigrated to America when he was a child in swaddling clothes. They took up a residence in upper Manhattan, generally referred to in those days as Goatsville, because there were only a few houses in that section, now the busy Harlem.

Casper earned the sobriquet of being the father of all Italian fighters in America.

In his heyday Casper scaled 105 pounds, which was then known as the bantamweight division. Time and again, however, he was forced to battle feathers and even lightweights in order to keep in action. He was managed by the shrewd Billy Newman, who was the Tex Rickard of Gotham fistcuffs when the New Garden director was a gambler in the West.

Casper was a veritable giant for his small weight. He stood five feet three and a half inches in his stocking feet.

BARRY was faster, the harder hitter, superior at infighting, while Casper for science displayed point for point with Barry, disputed every inch of the way, was always dangerous and his headwork was admirable. It was these facts that made the finish as lively and interesting a one between little fellows as lovers of boxing too infrequently see. On his aggressiveness and his all-round work Barry showed up somewhat the better of the two, but taking Leon's clever ducking and his occasional hard right handers into consideration the verdict was a thoroughly proper one.

Casper Leon
As he looked shortly before his death, while employed in a New York billiard room.

Johnny White, of Manhattan, was substituted for Charlie White as referee in the main event because White was Leon's manager.

For the first half of the bout the boys fought cleanly and fairly, with but little advantage apparent to either. Both were on their mettle, and while Barry had to cut out the work and do the forcing, he found Leon nothing loath and ready for him. But in the mixes the Chicagoan showed his strength. In the fifth and sixth rounds Jimmy reached Casper hard, and in the following two Leon retaliated.

Then it once more developed into an exhibition of science, side stepping and head dodging until the eleventh, when the fight grew faster, Barry doing the leading and Casper countering well. They kept this lively work up from then on, and the fifteenth saw them mixing things hard, with Barry having a little the better of it.

The sixteenth was all Barry's, his left reaching Leon's face frequently, one blow under the heart nearly caving in the New Yorker. The seventeenth was a little less severe, but in the eighteenth Casper decided to take a hand in the game, and started off

(*Continued on page* 9)

Boxing Around Chicago in "Those Good Old Days"

By JACK CURLEY

THE legalization of boxing in Illinois, the appointment of a state commission and the revival of the sport in Chicago on a broad scale make me hark back to the days when the Windy City had boxing only on sufferance. And there were some terrific fights out there in what we like to call "the good old days." They were rough and tough days, but now that they lie a generation back they have a glamor of romance which comes with the mellowing of time.

A good many of the fights of the old days around Chicago were fought just outside the city limits.

Dominik O'Malley tried to conduct prize fights just outside of Chicago, on the Indiana state line. If memory serves, the name of the hamlet was Roby. O'Malley, a fearless, tough, daring promoter, tried to outgame the authorities and let it be understood that no matter whether the Police Department, the Sheriff or District Attorney's liked it or not, Prizefights under his management would be held, and bloodshed would be the result if anyone dared interfere with his plans. With this in view he built a wooden firetrap arena and proceeded with his fights.

They Were Prizefights

YOU will notice that I am using the word Prizefights frequently. And rightly so! The more refined expressions, such as boxing contest or sparring bout, were not yet invented. In those days a spade was called a spade, and a fight, whether bareknuckle, with two ounce gloves or with skintight mitts with the fingers cut off, was a Prizefight, pure and simple.

And so Dominik O'Malley proceeded with his shows, starring Solly Smith, Griffith, Creedon, Greggains, Costello and others, who were the big attractions, always billed to a finish. The so-called authorities looked on in awe, not daring to interfere.

O'Malley got away with his bluff. His claim that he acted within his legal rights, and that he would protect those rights with shot and shell, if it became necessary, went on unchallenged.

I do not know what brought action to a decisive head. But, I overheard many conversations, among O'Malley John Dunn, Parson Davies, George Siler, Mike McDonald, Col. John D. Hopkins, A. S. Trude, that the battles could not be interfered with.

Jack Curley

Promoters Grew Bolder

AND so the promoters grew bolder and bolder, and when some governor came out with a statement, that Prizefights in Indiana must come to a stop, and that he proposed to see to the enforcement of this mandate, the unanimous opinion around Billy Boyle's in the Alley, was, that the good governor was digging his own grave and wondered why the learned chief executive planned such a mode of suicide.

Preparations for the next fracas went merrily on. The men entered the ring, with the Governor's troops surrounding the arena. With fixed bayonets and loaded rifles they commanded the crowd to disperse. Finally the Governor himself appeared and loudly proclaimed that he would give the command to fire, unless the pugilistic encounters ceased. At the same time, a crackling was heard, and behold, the roof was on fire. George Siler, who was the referee in the ring, and whom I looked upon as my mentor, told me to his dying day, that he never could figure out how the crowd came out of the structure alive.

A Real Miracle

BUT the Good Lord works a miracle once in a while, and this was the one time when a portly bunch of dyed-in-the-wool sports, fighters, managers, gamblers and other cohorts were saved by an act of Providence.

A year or so later Chicago, under Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Sr., and his political leader, Mike McDonald, opened boxing at Battery D., a big building on the Lake Front, and when Battery D. became the temporary postoffice and police station, other buildings were utilized for the game of fistic menus.

Very recently Illinois, by referendum voted "yes" on boxing. Since the vast majority registered in favor of the game which now places the same under a State Athletic Commission, along the lines of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other States, I have read many stories on the subject, and as yet, not one, which hits the bulls-eye for veracity.

Most of the critics, mention how the game prospered in Chicago, until the Gans-McGovern fake killed boxing and caused the repeal of the boxing law.

No Boxing Law in Past

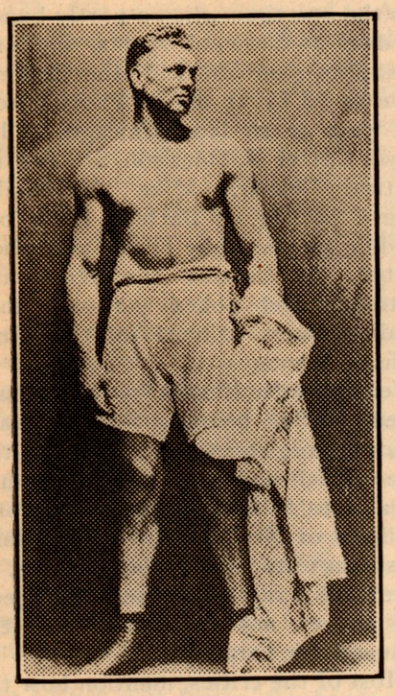
IF I may be permitted to say a few words, on this subject, let me say, that Illinois never possessed such a

(*Continued on page* 10)

Dempsey, Greatest Heavyweight—Attell Best of All "Feathers," Says Billy Gibson

[The article which follows, written by Billy Gibson, famous as the manager of Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, is the fifth of a series dealing with the most famous and capable exponents of the manly art in all divisions. An exclusive article by Leo P. Flynn will be the sixth in this series, and will be published in an early issue.]

NAMING the greatest fighters of the various divisions is not the easiest assignment in the wide, wide world. During my thirty-odd years in the pugilistic profession, I have seen hundreds of really great fighters, and have handled



Jack Dempsey

quite a few myself and after giving the matter considerable thought, I have selected the following as the best ringmen I have ever witnessed in action:

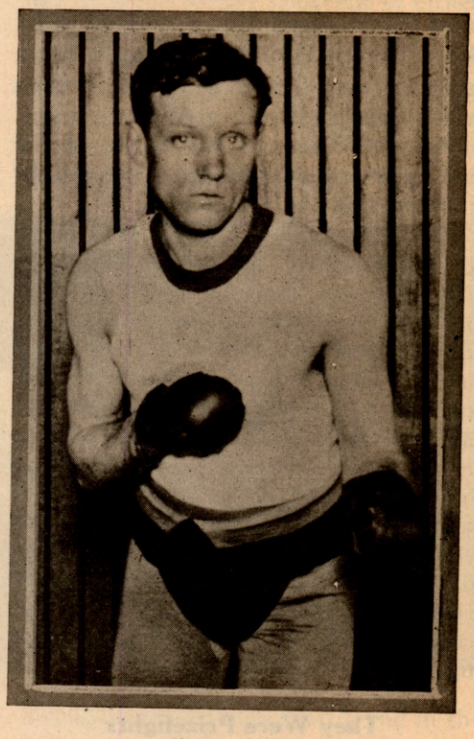
Flyweight, Jimmy Wilde.
Bantamweight, Jimmy Barry.
Featherweight, Abe Attell.
Lightweight, Benny Leonard.
Welterweight, Jack Britton.
Middleweight, Stanley Ketchell.
Light - Heavyweight, Georges Carpentier.
Heavyweight, Jack Dempsey.

Wilde was a most remarkable bit of human fighting machinery. At his best, the mite Welshman seldom scaled above 100 pounds, yet time and again he stepped in against bantams and even featherweights, and, what's more, whipped them. When Jimmy was nearing the end of his glorious career, he visited America, but in spite of the fact that he had lost a lot of his once brilliant form, he was good enough to knock out such good American boys as Bobby Dyson, Mickey Russell, Battling Murray and Mike Ertle, and defeat Patsy Wallace, Frankie Mason and others. Wilde was just a shell of his once great self when he was brought to this country later for Pancho Villa to annihilate.

Billy Gibson's List of Greatest Fighters

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry
Featherweight—Abe Attell
Lightweight—Benny Leonard
Welterweight—Jack Britton
Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel
Light Heavy—Georges Carpentier
Heavyweight—Jack Dempsey

ALTHOUGH he is generally rated a bantamweight, Jimmy Barry actually was only a flyweight. However, there was no such a thing as a flyweight division thirty years ago, so Barry, whose best fighting avoirdupois was in the neighborhood of 105 pounds, will ever be remembered as a bantam. And what a fighter the little Chicagoan was! I'll always retain vivid recollections of his remarkable battles with Casper Leon, Sammy Kelly, Jack Ward and other mighty good boys of the '90s. We've had many a great bantam since Barry's time, but none to compare with the annihilating, devastating Chicago mite.

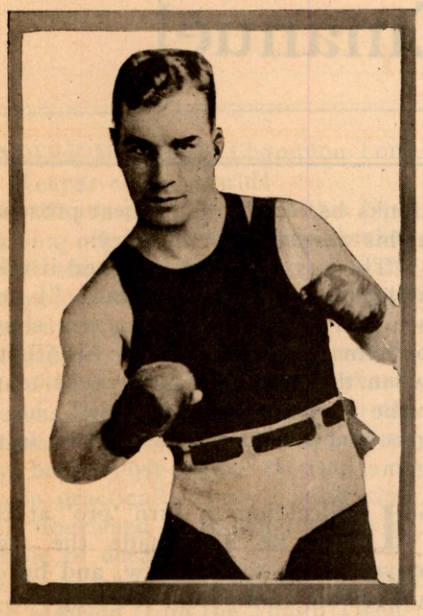


Jimmy Wilde

Abe Attell is my featherweight choice. Abe was a remarkable ringman. He was a champion in the days of great fighters—and a real champion in every sense of the word. Not only was Abe the best of the featherweights in his day, but he repeatedly stepped out of his class to meet the outstanding lightweights — Battling Nelson, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Freddie Welsh and others. For years after he had passed the peak of his fighting form, Attell's great heart and brain kept him at the top of the pile.

I AM not naming Benny Leonard as the best of the lightweights be-

cause I happened to manage him, but because I really believe he was the greatest 135-pounder the ring ever has known. Benny's blinding speed, his uncanny skill, his sharpshooting with either hand, and, above all, his



Jack Britton

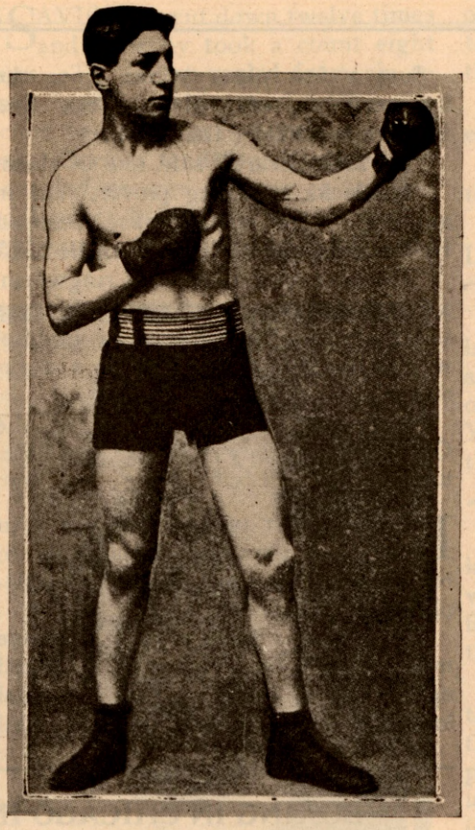
keen brain, were responsible for Leonard's sensational success.

Leonard had "everything." He could outbox the boxers and outfight the fighters. Outclassing his rivals in the lightweight division, Benny frequently spotted such men as Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Soldier Bartfield, et al., all sorts of weight—and whipped them.

I realize that my selection of Jack Britton as the best of the welterweights is certain to stir up many an argument, but Jack was one of the most remarkable boxers I have ever seen. There was nothing sensational about Britton's fighting, but he was uncanny in his skill, and one of the smartest, cagiest ring generals the ring has known. Britton, it must be remembered, was a topliner for nearly twenty years. He MUST have been great.

STANLEY KETCHELL unquestionably was the most remarkable middleweight I ever set my optics on, and I rather doubt that I'll ever see another to compare with him. Steve's historic battle with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien at the old National Sporting Club will forever live in my memory. That was one of the real classics of the ring. Then, too, I'll never forget Ketchell's sensational performances in New York against Willie Lewis and Westchester Jim Smith—the last two fights of Steve's career.

There aren't many light-heavyweights to pick from—the divison is comparatively new—but I'd say that the choice rests between Georges Carpentier and Gene Tunney. Carpentier, at his best, was indeed a remarkable fighter—a spectacular individual with a dangerous right hand. He was, and still is, for that matter, a great showman. Tunney may lack the Frenchman's sensationalism, but that cannot detract from Gene's ability.



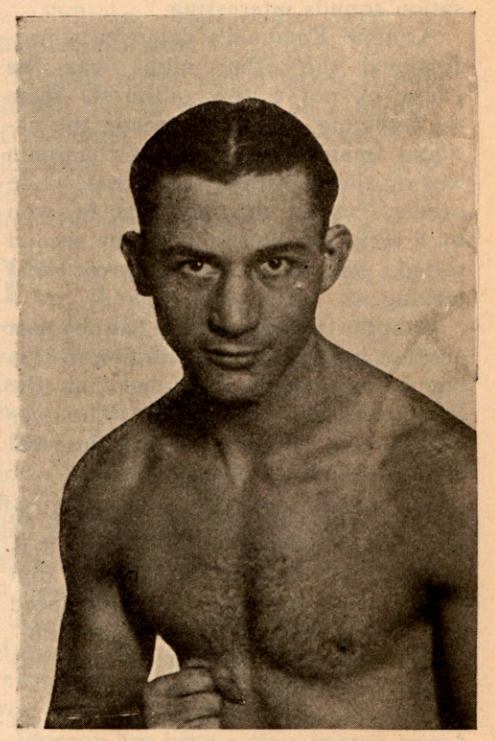
Abe Attell

I really believe that Tunney would have beaten Carpentier the best day Georges ever knew. Don't let them tell you Carpentier was "through" when Gene knocked him out. No fighter could have fought the way the Frenchman did that night. He had to be in wonderful physical condition to absorb the terrific punishment Tunney handed him for fourteen rounds. No passe performer would have been able to stand up that long under the vicious hammering Carpentier assimilated.

JACK DEMPSEY is my selection as the best of the heavyweights. The Manassa Mauler would have beaten any heavyweight the ring ever has known that torrid afternoon out in Toledo when he hammered Jess Willard into submission. Dempsey was a demon in human form that day, the greatest fighter for his weight I have ever witnessed in action.

Before he met Willard for the title, Dempsey had clearly established his greatness by wading clear through the heavyweight division and disposing of some mighty formidable opposition. Jack was a real fighter in those days.

Fistic experts may name the great Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson and Peter Jackson as the best of all time in their division, but I don't think any of the above named had anything on the all-powerful Jack Dempsey. In my opinion, no heavyweight since the day Corbett knocked out Sullivan, compared to the present title-holder in general, all-around fistic ability.



Benny Leonard

BARRY-LEON BATTLES

(*Continued from page* 6)

well. But toward the end of the round Barry evened it up again, one smash on the nose dazing Leon and forcing him to more clever defensive work. The nineteenth was Barry's round, though not pronouncedly so, and the finish was like a hurricane, both boys smashing right and left, less scientifically, but harder than before. The decision was well received.

San Francisco Excited Over "Another Corbett" in Armand Emanuel

SAN FRANCISCO is quite excited over the prospect of sending forth another Jim Corbett. Of course, there have been many "Corbetts" in the last generation but only one Jim. Yet this San Francisco sensation sounds interesting.

Armand Emanuel's debut as a professional the other night was the cause of not a few outbursts from the knowing ones. Some said the national amateur heavyweight champion was on the high road to success, while others, despite the fact that he won by a technical knockout in the second round, said there was a great deal lacking.

Has the Olympic Club turned out another heavyweight champion in this big Jewish boy? Emanuel has the size, speed, skill and punch. The only question is whether or not he will stand up under professional fire.

JIM CORBETT got his start as an Olympic champion, and while it is not fair to Emanuel to compare him with Corbett, he has some of the speed and boxing style of "Gentleman Jim."

Can it possibly be that the club has produced another Corbett?

Emanuel hasn't had more than six fights, and has certainly shown a lot for one so green.

Armand displayed a number of favorable traits in stopping Ted Hoffman. He moved around like an experienced boxer, punched stiff and accurately with his left paw, which he used almost exclusively as a hook, and last, but foremost, he showed sufficient viciousness when he had Hoffman on the run to prove to the most skeptical that he can fight.

THERE were a few growls of disapproval from the fans as Armand left the ring, some asserting that Hoffman quit, but such was not the case. If Hoffman wanted to "retire," he had ample reason to do so after getting clipped with a left hook on the chin early in the round in which the fight was stopped.

Just a few observations from the hypercritical, who always can find faults much easier than virtues:

"He lacks heart," said one of them.

"He lacks punching power," cut in another. "He should have stopped Hoffman in quicker time than he did."

"He can't take it," a third ringworm, a man with a pair of tired, old eyes volunteered. "Joe Roche, a middleweight had him on the floor in a workout."

In the same breath, he told of the Olympic Club boy making Jack Renault look like a bum in a gymnasium.

BE that as it may, it takes a man of years' standing in the game to recognize and appreciate ability as displayed by Emanuel.

Phil Wand, veteran referee, and one whose knowledge of the ring is looked upon as complete, says that Emanuel looks like fine timber. In fact, Phil thinks he is one of the best prospects at his weight in the country.

"The boy should make good if taken along properly," says Wand. "I can't see him in the class that was shown by Jim Corbett and Bob McAllister, when they quit the club ranks to become professionals, but if he is groomed patiently he will go far in the game.

"IN deciding to turn 'pro' at this time he had made the right move, as the crop is low, and he did not remain an amateur too long—so as to become too good a boxer and too little a fighter.

"With most amateur boxers I have noticed they have been 'made' into boxers instead of developing natural fighting qualities, and if Emanuel can prove that he can fight instinctively as well as he can box, he should at least reach the outer championship circles."

BOXING IN CHICAGO IN "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

(*Continued from page 7*)

thing as a boxing law. At all times the game was conducted by sufferance. One Mayor would permit six or ten round contests and another Mayor would refuse. Carter H. Harrison, Jr. who thrice served the city as Mayor, at times sanctioned boxing, and at other times somersaulted and stopped the tamest exhibition between a champion and his sparring partner, in connection with a theatrical show or circus. All boxing under whatsoever name was Prizefighting in the eyes of an ancient law dating back to the charter of the State.

EVEN to own a boxing glove was a crime under the law. The selling of gloves by sporting goods stores was equally criminal, and any agreement reached to box within the State of Illinois or to box in any other State was a penitentiary offense. All this, of course, was seldom enforced, and for years, under sufferance by the local authorities, boxing was permitted in some parts of the State and tabooed in others.

Chicago, which often has been referred to as being dead for boxing, ever since Gans and McGovern met at Tattersalls, often has experienced revivals and many times on a sumptuous scale.

BUT now, fortunately, it's out of the hands of the Mayor and the politicians. Illinois may conduct boxing under a law similar to that which governs in New York, and which no doubt will afford the public all the protection it needs,—and protect the boxers as well.

Chicago is a great sporting city. It is a great city for boxing,—almost as good as New York. Do not forget that Chicago is the centre of a tremendous rural population and that this will help to support the game on a big scale.

Eddie Munson, Champion Time Keeper of the World, Recounts Experiences

By ED WILLIAMSON

EDDIE MUNSON, Champion Time Keeper of the world!

That's the title which this New York ring official bears by official mandate of the New York Boxing Commission, and there are none to dispute his suzerainty.

He has kept time at more than 4,000 fights over a stretch of twenty years.

He has held the watch on them all, champions in all classes, and preliminary boys,—just eight thousand of them in practically every boxing club which flourished in the metropolis in a couple of decades.

He's a most interesting man, is this Eddie Munson from the Tough Twenties of New York's lower West Side. Munson who is forty three years old, is the official time keeper at the new Madison Square Garden and several other clubs in New York. He is busy almost every night, timing rounds, timing knockdowns, timing knockouts, —taking in the comedy and the tragedy of an eventful and active form of sport.

And he confesses that he no longer gets a real thrill out of a fight.

FURTHERMORE, after seeing Firpo knock Dempsey out of the ring and Dempsey knock out the Argentinian; after seeing Leonard knocked down and almost out by Richie Mitchell; after seeing Berlenbach tossed about by Risko; after seeing champions galore, Munson says that the greatest battle he yet has seen was a scrap at a small club between two practically unknown boxers.

"Yes, I have seen them all from the ringside in the last twenty years, but it remained for a fight between two unknown welterweights to give me the biggest kick of my career as a boxing official," said Munson recently.

"It was at the Lenox Club in New York, and the contestants were Young Frenchy and Joe Saviola. Neither a champion, and neither ever will be the pugilistic second cousin of a champion.

"But those boys were fighters in every sense of that much misused word. It was about two years ago, and I held the clock on them.

"SAVIOLA went down twelve times and Frenchy took a count eight times. The count varied from six to nine. In the twelfth round, with seven second to go,—it was a twelve round bout,—Saviola landed a knockout. I never before was so busy in my life and I never before got the thrill that I got out of that lambang shindig be-

Eddie Munson

tween two boys who did not know the meaning of a letup.

"I don't get much of a kick out of the fights nowadays," went on Munson. "They look stereotyped. One is like the other. And of course, my fistic appetite has been dulled from seeing so many contests. It's like the boy working in the candy store. After a while he can't even think of eating a piece of candy.

"Then there is another consideration, especially in the new Garden. There I have got to operate a switchboard with five keys, working several of them at the same time. I have got to keep my eyes glued on that board or things will go wrong.

"Who is the greatest fighter you ever have seen?" We asked Munson.

"Jack Dempsey," came back the time keeper in a flash.

"Of course, I don't remember John L. Sullivan, my dad's favorite," chuckled Munson.

Munson never was a boxer of note himself but he was bred in a fighting atmosphere. He was a member of the old West Side Athletic Club in New York, which developed many a star for the professional ring.

THE West Sides used to hold regular shows. One night the time keeper failed to appear and Munson was pressed into service. It was his first experience as a timekeeper,—and that was twenty years ago.

Several years later he became a ticket taker at the Long Acre A. A., then run under the old membership plan which was used before the Frawley Law legalized professional boxing in New York.

History repeated its opportunity for Munson. One night the regular time keeper failed to show up and Munson was called on to act as his substitute.

Munson has been a time keeper ever since. He has had a hand in managing fighters, too, but he likes timing better.

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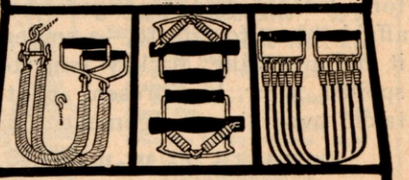
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"From Mine Boy to Champion"—The Romance of Pete Latzo of Scranton

By EDWARD MERRILL

ANOTHER of those "Mine Boy to Champion" romances has been written into sport history. Pete Latzo, the son of Slovak parents, once a breaker boy and helper around the coal mines of Scranton, Pa., now reigns as the welterweight champion of the world. Pete comes of a fighting clan and an athletic family. In addition to being a boxer of note, Pete also is a ball player of parts and but for his proficiency in the ring would be banging out hits in some baseball league.

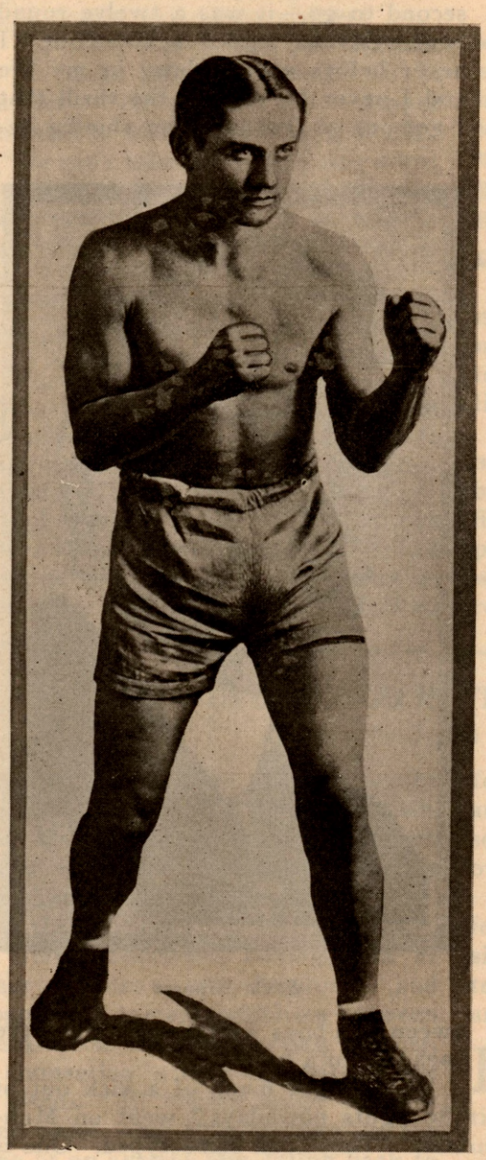
Latzo's triumph over Mickey Walker at Scranton was one of the biggest upsets noted in a championship fight in many years. The title changed hands on the decision of the judges, and against the judgment of the referee. In some circles there is a disposition to quarrel with the verdict. The advantage of Latzo, say some critics, was not great enough. And besides, what about the traditional courtesy which belongs to the champion? How about giving the title holder a draw in a case of doubt, and recognizing the fact that it takes years of hard work to climb to the peak of a division?

However, in this particular case the rise of Latzo and the defeat of Walker may be regarded as salutary developments. Latzo had been battling for years without a sight of the pinnacle, and it was a grand thing to scale the heights as he did. Then again, Walker had become too arrogant. Mickey normally is one of the finest young fellows in the ring. Before he changed managers he was affable, easy to talk to,—a smiler. But it did not take Mickey long to get spoiled after his present pilot had taken over his management.

It's Up To Walker!

IT is not for us to chide or scold Walker. He is the master of his own destinies, and if he doesn't want to regain the title, that's up to him. But if he still likes the ring and the duties it brings with it, if he still cares for the zest of keen battle and old friends, he will have to change his manner.

As for Latzo, he has the world before him. He has been fighting for seven years, but he is young. He is virile and he is ambitious. We doubt if the lure of the movies will "get" the one-time breaker boy. It isn't in his blood and he hasn't moving picture management. Latzo has a pilot who will seek to make him fight. And, after all, that is the destiny of a fighter.



Pete Latzo

Latzo is a keen student of boxing technic. He never fails to get his man the second time. No opponent ever has scored two straight over the Pride of Scranton. Walker once beat Pete. And then Latzo began to watch the champion. He began to study his ring mannerisms, his style, his method of meeting certain contingencies. Latzo was determined to fight Mickey again,—and to beat him.

Fought Wise Battle

LATZO fought a knowing battle against Mickey. It was not a dazzling exhibition or a hair raising scrap. Pete was too calculating. He waited for Walker to open the rallies. Then Latzo let go and gave everything he had in a counter attack. And those counter attacks won the title for the mine boy.

Latzo has a fortune before him. The greatest returns in the history of boxing lie in the ring today. Latzo looks like a real champion, and as such he should not fear to defend his title often.

Other good welterweights clamor for the chance they could not get when Walker was the title holder. They deserve that chance and it is up to Pete to give it to them.

Pete has a wise coach in his brother Steve, who was a fine welterweight not so many years back. It will be recollected that Steve once knocked out Kid Lewis in Ted's prime, only to see the Kid's seconds throw a bucket of water over him and revive him before he could be counted out.

Pete has brought to the Slovaks a third title. Stanley Ketchel and Johnny Buff came before him.

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In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

PRIDE goes before a fall. The flop of Mickey Walker from the welterweight pedestal may serve to prevent increase of his head size. We'd like to see Walker get that title back and become the old Smiling Mickey, without that perennial, "Ask Doc." For the uninitiated we will explain that "Doc" is Jack Kearns.

Our Havana correspondent informs the palpitating world that Morocco finally has broken into the ring. Abd E. Keber, a wild socker from the wilds of Abd El Krim's country, recently debutted into the winning column with a decision over Manuel Perez, who is known around Havana as The Terrible Cook.

We wonder whether that "Terrible" refers to Perez' abilities in the ring or to his qualities as a cook. Or is it both?

Latzo As a Ball Player

PETE LATZO, the new welter champion, is quite a ball player. But it is doubtful if he rates with Jim Corbett of a generation ago who was good enough to get offers from the National League. Jim's brother, Joe, was a great pitcher with the famous Orioles.

Jack Dempsey once had an idea that he could play ball and went through part of a game in his training camp. After seeing Jack kissed on the jaw by a bounder Kearns rushed into the field and broke up the game. "Baseball is too rough," said Kearns.

All of which leads us to efforts of boxers to play other games. Jim Jeffries once got the impression that he could play football. But that idea was knocked out of him in less than ten minutes. "Football is too tough for a fighter," was Jeff's naive announcement. And that opinion has been echoed by many heavyweight boxers since that afternoon on the Coast.

Munroe Football Star

ON the other hand, Jack Munroe was a greater football player than he was a boxer. Munroe was known as the Butte Miner, but he mined no copper as he was brought to Butte to play on Marcus Daly's football eleven. Daly was a "nut" on the gridiron game.

While Latzo may be the best ball player among the fighters, there is some question as to who is the best fighter among the ball players. The only former professional scrapper in the major leagues is Jimmy Cox, the outfielder of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Cox fought more than one hundred battles in the roped arena before he quit to devote himself to the diamond.

Babe Ruth once had a serious idea that he could fight. He boxed with Gunboat Smith, who clipped him gently on the proboscis and followed with a neat persuader to the jaw. The Babe immediately removed the mitts and announced that the impression that he had fistic aspirations was all wrong.

That Dempsey Affair

DEMPSEY will fight Wills; Dempsey wil fight Tunney; Dempsey will fight anybody; Dempsey will fight nobody.

The heavyweight situation continues to provide most of the comedy relief in boxing.

From the Latter Day Webster of the Ring: "A heavyweight championship is something one does not have to defend."

A New York reformer recently attacked Mayor Walker for espousing the cause of boxing. Again we suggest that the reformers let boxing alone and devote themselves to making shirt buttons that will stay on. Humanity howls for a permanent shirt button.

Jack Johnson Is Done

"Johnson a Marvel; Beats Youngster," clarioned the headlines recently. But a few days later came a quick reversal. "Johnson a Shell; Beaten by Lawson." The ring is a grand reverser of itself and a super-reducer of human reputations.

It takes a long time for a hasbeen to realize that he is a hasbeen. In spite of his setback the negro will continue to "train for a match with Dempsey."

Latzo may have done two things of merit in beating Mickey Walker. Certainly he won the title. Then again, he may have forced Benny Leonard to stay retired. There was a lot of buzzing about a Leonard-Walker fight until Mickey took his beating at Scranton.

Flowers in the Movies

Deacon Flowers, the middleweight champion, has gone and done it! We thought that in view of the Deacon's being of a hue that does not stand a screen test so well he would avoid the silver sheet. But we get the word that Flowers has gone into the movies.

The Deacon already is a five-reel hero, and the picture is being shown down in Mexico, where ebony motion picture heroes are in greater demand than they are in Dixie. Flowers as a movie luminary must be quite a howler.

"Lifted" nose and all, Dempsey has proved a motion picture failure but Tunney threatens to do much better. Gene has mastered the trick of wearing a monocle.

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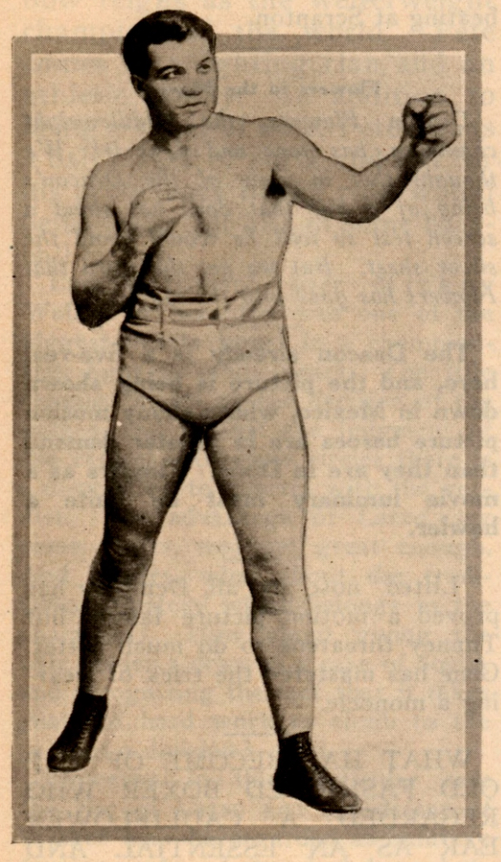
Jeffries and Sharkey, Once Deadly Rivals, Put on the Gloves Again

By NELSON CARRUTHERS

JIM JEFFRIES, once proud holder of the world's heavyweight championship, and Tom Sharkey, who gave him the most terrific battle of his career, are to put the gloves on again. The rivalry and the vigor which



James J. Jeffries

were behind their battle at Coney Island on November 3, 1899, will be recalled as the oldtimers travel through the country in a tour of the vaudeville circuits. For Jeff and Tom are to spar and tell stories in the three a day.

Jeffries is fifty-one and Sharkey is fifty-three. Jim was born at Carroll, Ohio, on April 15, 1875, while Tom saw the light of day for the first time on November 23, 1873, at Dundalk, Ireland. As Jim and Tom go through the country they will revive debate as to whether George Siler was in the right when he gave the decision to Jeffries, the defending champion, after those cruel, gruelling twenty-five rounds twenty-seven years ago.

And they will bring up comparisons which may not be very complimentary to the current crop of heavyweights, with emphasis on Jack Dempsey, the non-fighting title holder. Jeffries ruled in a day which had a wondrous lot of heavyweights in Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Ruhlin and Joe Choynski.

Both Are Well Off

BOTH Jeffries and Sharkey are well off. They are not making the tour because they need the money badly. The lure of the "spangles" is greater for them than the lure of the money.

Jeffries may get into the millionaire class with Dempsey. Million dollar purses were not in vogue when Jeffries was champion and when he reentered the ring to battle Jack Johnson in 1910, but Jeff pulled down over $100,000 for his end of the contest at that.

Had Jeffries won the title from Johnson, as many thought he would, he would have been set for the millionaire class, as Lou Houseman of Chicago, then a sporting promoter and now a theatrical manager, had bookings arranged for a world tour that would have netted the big fellow close to half a million dollars.

The dope was all upset by Johnson winning the contest in fifteen rounds.

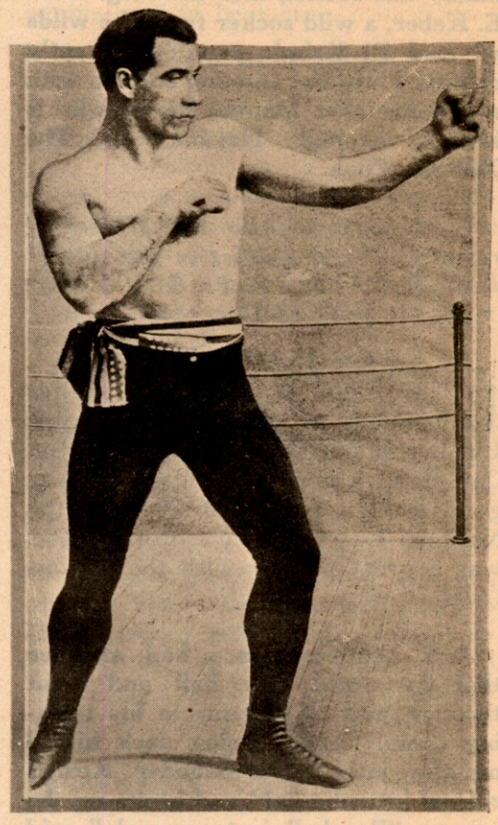
Following his defeat Jeff had a big cafe in Los Angeles and it looked as though he would clean up there, but reverses came and Jeff got out. However, he had purchased his big ranch in Burbank, just outside of Los Angeles, and that was valued at more than a quarter of a million.

Made Unwise Loans

ONCE again the hand of fate pointed against Jeff and it looked as though he might lose his all. He had been kind to some old friends, lending big sums of money, and when it came time to collect, Jeff was left high and dry.

Just when things looked bad Jeff made a deal with some big real estate people and had his ranch platted with the result that he will clean up over a quarter of a million.

Now comes word that oil has been struck on some of Jeffries' property in the San Fernando Valley and Burbank district, and that he is liable to be rated soon into the millionaire



Tom Sharkey

class. Drilling has already been started and reports are most encouraging.

Jeff has been a great entertainer at his ranch in Burbank, and many writers have enjoyed a barbecue at Jim's place. He has never been much of a mixer on the road, but a wonderful entertainer at his home. He has friends galore and they are all "pulling" for the old champion to reap the richest returns from the oil fields there, providing the reports are correct. Let us hope they are true.

As for Sharkey, he was a wise old owl when he was making money in the ring and at his place on Four-

(*Continued on page* 15)

DeForest Tells Inside Story of Luis Firpo, the Calculating Argentinian

JIMMY DeFOREST is the real discoverer of Luis Angel Firpo, the Argentine man of mood and money.

It was in a dingy cellar in Halsey Street, Newark, N. J., that DeForest first saw the giant South American in ring togs. This was in November, 1922, a few days after Firpo had debarked from a steerage bunk on The Southern Cross, the ship which brought him from his native land.

The noted trainer shook his white head and sighed as he mused over the details of that discovery, the subsequent events and that hectic fight with Jack Dempsey in which the Argentine came within a wisp of the world's heavyweight title.

Developed the Argentinian

BUT Jimmy DeForest holds malice toward none. He fulfilled his contract with Firpo. He brought him within sight of his coveted goal. And never a sound of protest emerged from his lips when Firpo, fretful under the strain of DeForest's strict discipline, cast him adrift for other instructor.

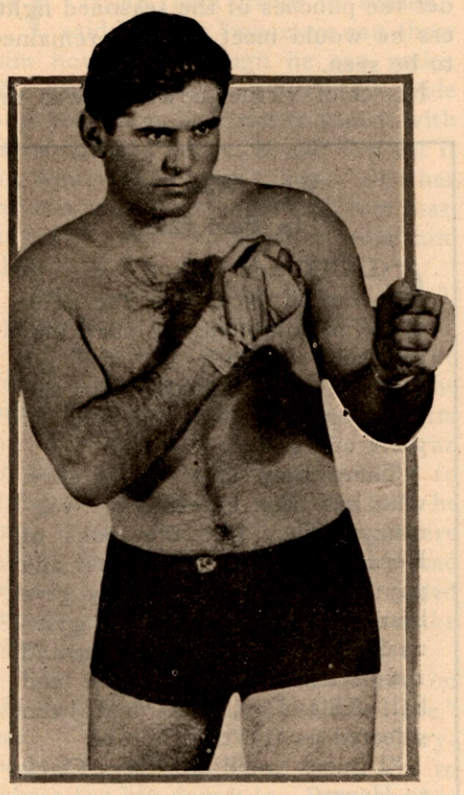
Love of money was Firpo's greatest ring liability, said DeForest.

"He worried more about his end of the purse than he did about his physical condition. When Firpo was training for Willard, I established him in a camp at Allenhurst, N. J. One afternoon, after a particularly irksome session in the ring with Jack McAuliffe, I told both men to go in and get some sleep.

A Calculating Hombre

"A SHORT time afterward I was conducting some visitors through the camp and I asked them to step over to the barracks to see how the men slept in this Jersey air. In one of the rooms McAuliffe was lying on his bunk, snoring loudly.

"We stepped into Firpo's room, expecting to see the Argentine stretched out in slumber. Instead, he was sitting on the edge of his bunk with a paper and pencil covered with figures. He was trying to figure out how much he would have left after Uncle Sam had claimed his share of Firpo's income."



Luis Firpo

DeForest tells another story illustrative of Firpo's love for the dollar.

"During the same training period a friendship developed between the big boxer and a five-year-old neighborhood girl. They were inseparable pals during the tedious weeks.

He Cut Paper Dolls

"FIRPO liked to sit on the steps of my cottage and cut paper dolls for her while she snuggled up to him to pat his black hair. They took walks together, roamed the field and picked wild flowers.

"When it came time to leave, the little girl waited with the others. When Firpo appeared she started to cry and ran to him with open arms. Firpo kneeled and kissed her forehead and she showered kisses on his black hair. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out and handed her—a shiny nickel."

JEFFRIES AND SHARKEY

(*Continued from page* 14)

teenth Street in New York. He retired with a "big sock" and has been living the easy life of a gentleman, keeping outdoors as much as possible.

The race tracks have called to Tom and you may see him at Tia Juana and sometimes in the East,—the same old hearty and bluff Sharkey, once the Fighting Sailor.

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The Triple Cross

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part II

By FRANK GRAHAM

THAT night, as Clark and Mercer sat at their table in Dougherty's, smoking after their dinner, Ted Walters, matchmaker of the Hammersville Athletic Club, came in.

"Hello, Ted," said Clark. "You're just the guy we're lookin' for. We got a boy we want you to put on next week."

"'Bill Buckley?'" asked Walters, with a grin.

"No," replied Clark, and he and Mercer grinned, too. They hadn't let Walters in on their little secret when they imported Marshall to beat Riley. "No, this is another fellow we picked up. We ain't lookin' for a big shot this time. A four round preliminary will suit us."

"For fifteen dollars?" asked Walters.

Clark looked at him in disgust.

"Be serious, Ted," he said. "We got to get thirty dollars, at least."

"Now I'll tell one," countered Walters. "But I can't keep up with you very long. You're too funny for me."

"Well," said Clark, "twenty dollars, anyway."

Five Dollars a Round

"I'LL give you five dollars a round," said Walters. "That will let me out cheap because I'll have to give you only five dollars."

Clark laughed.

"We're through pickin' dead ones, Ted," he said. "At five dollars a round this guy could keep fightin' till he broke more banks than Dempsey broke at Shelby, Montana."

Walters shook his head slowly and his grin widened.

"You win," he said. "Five buttons a round, then. With Jack Miner."

"O. K.," said Clark, and Mercer nodded his compliance.

Clark and Mercer put Henry in training at Styler's and he boxed every day with boys of all weights. Though at first it visibly was an effort for him to do so, he restrained his desire to resort to rough and tumble tactics and began to make some progress in his boxing. He was a natural fighter, hit fast and hard and could take a punch. That is, he could take all the punches his sparring partners could throw at him. How well he would stand up under the punches of the seasoned fighters he would meet later on remained to be seen.

His chief virtue, however, was the rapidity with which he thought and the ease with which he absorbed the instructions of his managers and applied them to his work. When he found himself in a situation not covered by these instructions, it was amazing to see him instantly devise a means for getting out of it.

What Was Told In Part One.

CLARK and Mercer, managers of boxers in the Middle West and none too particular in their methods, get into jail through over enthusiasm in celebrating the victory of one of their charges.

There they meet Joe Henry, who has been arrested for vagrancy. They like the looks of Henry as a prospective boxer and pay his fine of $30. They give him a tryout in a Chicago gymnasium. Henry proves a grand rough and tumble scrapper and half kills Day, who had been selected as the trial horse.

"I guess you'll do," says Clark to Henry.

Now you may go on with the story.

Henry Goes Down

AS he sat in his corner of the ring in Bramwell Hall on the night of his fight with Miner, he scowled and shifted his feet, impatient for the opening of hostilities. When the bell rang for the first round, he leaped across the ring and forced the fighting at once. Miner, a cool head for a youngster, fought guardedly and, whipping a right hand blow to Henry's chin, brought him down with a thud.

Up sprang Henry without waiting for a count. He plunged at Miner again, this time forcing him to cover up. The end of the round found Miner on the floor. He managed somehow to weather the second round, though he was dropped twice for counts of nine. When the third round opened he tottered out of his corner to meet Henry but Joe sent him spinning to the floor with a left. Here the referee intervened and saved Miner from further punishment by awarding the fight to Henry.

The next day Hammersville buzzed with praise of the newcomer.

"Clark and Mercer," they said at Dougherty's, "have found a live one of their own this time."

Quick knockouts over Tom Tapper, Rudy Berg and four or five others followed. Henry progressed rapidly from the preliminary ranks to the status of a semi-final principal but with his progress came little money. Purses at the Hammersville Athletic Club were small and the winner's ends drawn down by Henry, split in three parts, didn't go very far.

At this rate Clark and Mercer would have to take Henry to more fertile fields in order to reap a more fitting recompense for his work and to do this would require the stake they lacked and seemingly could not gather.

An Appeal to Chicago

TO solve the economic problem, Clark and Mercer put their heads together one night as they sat in Dougherty's while Henry shuffled the hours away at a dance hall down the street. The result of their conference was a latter that was mailed that night to Tony Kelly, manager of Dummy Marshall, and the chief link in their connection with the greater fistic world in Chicago. This letter, received by Kelly at Kid Herbert's Gym-

nasium in the Loop the following day, read:

"Dear Toney:

"We got another chance to make some dough and want you to come in on it and you can help us. We got a boy Joe Henry I guess you heard of him, he has licked everybody around here, he is a light heavyweight but fights heavyweights, too. We have done only fair in a money way with him but we got an idea to make some real dough.

"Here is what we want you to do, get a fellow, light heavyweight or heavyweight if you want to and send him down here with somebody. Don't come yourself because some of these wise guys around here knows you and might figure we are putting something over again but send somebody else with him, have this fellow see George Mason, the sporting editor of the Hammersville Light and tell him he has heard about Henry licking everybody and he has a boy that can lick him and wants to put a challence in the paper.

"We will answer the challence and fix up a match and then this fellow is to win on a K. O. in the third round and we will have it fixed and we will bet on him through a certain party down here, of course we will make believe to bet on Henry but that will be the bunk. Write me at Specs Dougherty's, 144 Market Street and I will get your letter and send some money down which your man can bet that Henry does not stay the limit.

"So long, Toney, we fooled the smart alecks once and we will fool them again, Johnny sends best regards,

"Yours truley,

"Jerry Clark."

Chicago to Rescue

A DAY later, Dougherty handed a letter to Clark as he and Mercer entered the restaurant for supper. Tearing open the envelope as he reached his table, Clark read the contents eagerly and then passed the letter to Mercer with a knowing wink. Mercer read as eagerly:

"Dear Jerry:

"You two fellows are wasting your time in Hammersville and should come to Chi or New York. I am sending you a fighter, Jack Randolph and Charlie Hooks will be with him. I told Hooks to fix it so that Henry will take a dive when Randolph hits him with a right hander on the chin in the third round. Put this thing over right and don't miss or we will be in bad and we don't want that for if it is worked right Hammersville ought to be a good spot for us. Hoping to see you and Johnny in Chi soon and best regards,

"Yours truly,

"Tony Kelly."

"Now," said Clark, as Mercer handed the letter back to him, "all we got to do is break the news to Joe. I don't know how he'll take it, because he likes himself as a fighter, especially as it's made him a sheik with all the dames around here."

The Plot is Hatched

"I THINK he'll listen to reason," said Mercer, "when we can show him how much dough he can make. We can tell him if it hurts his pride any, we can make a return match with Randolph and he can knock him out if he wants to. I don't know whether we can or not but we can till him that, any way. Ain't no harm in tellin' him that."

"No," said Clark, "there ain't. We'll spring it on him tomorrow."

Henry listened to the proposition the following morning with a scowl. The ethics of the matter didn't bother him but as Clark has said, he had begun to fancy himself as a fighter and to enjoy his popularity with the girls he met at the dance hall and elsewhere about the town. Still, as Clark and Mercer pointed out to him, they needed money and here was a chance to make plenty of it.

"We ain't goin' to get nowhere on the dough we make around here, Joe," said Clark. "You've licked everybody and we've got to move on to where the big dough is. But how are we goin' to do it until we get a stake? It takes all we make now to get us a place to sleep and three meals a day."

Mercer Urges Joe

"AND besides," urged Mercer, "a knockout scored against you now ain't goin' to hurt you. Dempsey was knocked out once when he was a young feller and so was most of the champs. If you want us to, we can get you another match with Randolph and you can knock him for a loop."

"All right," Joe said, at length. "You're on. You buys know this business better than me and if it's all right with you, it's all right with me."

Clark and Mercer looked very much relieved. Henry's consent to their plan had been gained with greater facility than they had hoped. Now to lay their lines for the coup which, they intended, should be of such proportions as to dwarf that which they had engineered with the assistance of Kelly and Marshall.

They had to wait, of course, for the arrival of Hooks and Randolph. This occurred two days later. Hooks, short, stout and aggressive in manner, stepped off the morning train from Chicago, Randolph, a flat nosed, cauliflower eared light heavyweight, at his heels.

Their first stop was the office of the Hammersville Light, where they were conducted to the desk of the sporting editor in a corner of the city room. Hooks introduced himself to Macy and presented Randolph.

$250 Wager Offered

"WE been readin' about this Henry that's been knockin' everybody stiff around here," he explained, "and we come down from Chicago to take a shot at him. I've got $250 in my pocket that says we can take him. We'll fight him any time, any place. If the Hammersville A. C. wants the fight, it can have it reasonable, as far as we are concerned. If Henry ain't afraid of us, he'll take the match and cover the bet. Will you put a piece in the paper for us?"

"Gladly," said Macy. "Give me some dope on Randolph. I've heard of him, of course, but I'd like a look at his record."

Hooks pulled a worn boxing guide from his pocket, wet a thick thumb and turned to the page on which were set forth in agate type the achievements of his man.

"This shows all his fights up to the first of the year," he said. "Since then he's had eight fights and win them all. He beat Gunner Rogers, Pal Martin, Bill Darling and Cowboy Nixon twice. The rest wasn't so important. We're open to box anybody but we want a crack at Henry first."

"I'll give you some space in tonight's paper," said Macy, "and I think you can get the match. Henry has about exhausted the supply of opponents for him around here. Why don't you drop in Specs Dougherty's restaurant on Market Street some time today? You're almost sure to see Jerry Clark and Johnny Mercer, who manage Henry, there at any time."

"Thanks for the tip," said Hooks. "Well, we'll be goin.'"

(To be Continued)

La Barba's Hardest Fight

Fidel Tells How He Wrested the Flyweight Championship from Frankie Genaro

By FIDEL LA BARBA

MY career having been rather limited so far, it is not a difficult matter for me to say which was my hardest fight. It was that in which I wrested the flyweight championship from Frankie Genaro. I shall never forget the fight itself, the circumstances leading up to it and the scenes that followed it—no, not if I live to be a hundred!

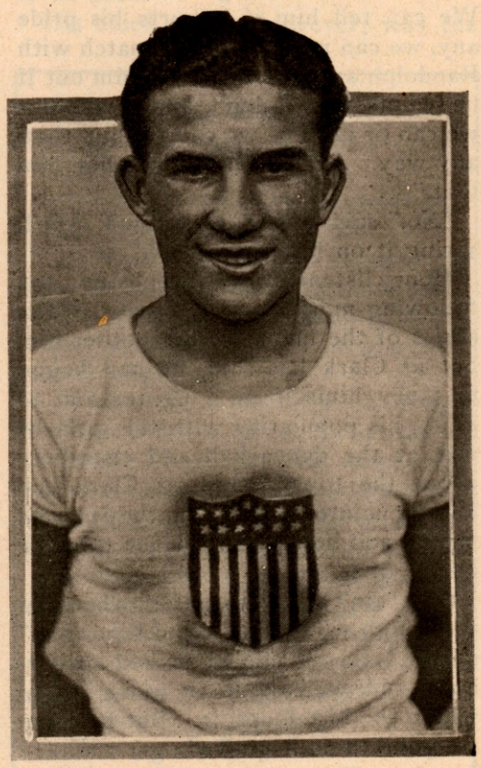
At the time I was matched with Genaro I had had only eleven professional fights. Now, it is not the usual thing for a youngster with only eleven professional fights under his belt to be matched with the champion of his class, and when such a thing comes to pass it is natural that the champion should be a top-heavy favorite. This was the case when it became known that Frankie had accepted my challenge and was headed for Los Angeles to meet me.

Public sentiment, of course, was with me, for, although I was born in New York, I had been taken to Los Angeles at the age of three; had grown up there; had become an amateur boxer there; and there had turned to the professional ring. The people there, I feel, are my people and they were with me at this important stage of my career. However, they were pretty well convinced that I was in for a solid thumping. They all were ready to cheer for me, but most of them were ready to bet on Genaro.

THE day came that Genaro arrived in Los Angeles. I never had seen him and had no particular desire to see him until I entered the ring with him, for that is my way. I never am interested in seeing prospective opponents in action and planning a way to fight them. I would rather take them on cold, as you might say, and figure out their style as the fight goes along.

It happened, though, that I walked into the gymnasium where Frankie, unknown to me, had elected to do his training. I saw a little fellow in ring togs punching a bag in a corner of the "gym," but didn't recognize him and was about to leave when a friend told me who he was. Naturally, I wanted to meet him then, and my friend took me over to him. Frankie stopped punching the bag long enough to shake hands with me, and, the introduction over, he went on with his training and I went on my way.

When we entered the ring the odds were two to one and, in some places, three to one in his favor. It seemed



Fidel La Barba

that no one, barring my manager, George Blake, and myself, could see me beating Genaro. You may think that this almost unanimous judgment in favor of the champion caused me to worry, but I can say truthfully that it didn't. I knew that I was going to win—knew it just as well as I always knew I would win in my earlier bouts. Of course, I was keyed up. That was because my nerves were responding to the call I made upon them in this most important bout of all.

I honestly think many of the onlookers expected me to be knocked out in a round or two. I had looked good to them against lesser fighters, but here I was facing the champion, which was a very different matter. After a burst of applause that greeted the introduction there was an almost unbroken silence on the part of the crowd, and I remember that the clang of the bell sounded so loud it startled me. Then I forgot about the crowd, the bell—everything but Genaro.

IN the first round I outboxed him by a clear margin, though we were doing little more than feel each other out. The second round passed, then the third and the fourth, and I was piling up points steadily. The fight was going exactly as I had expected it would, but I knew I must be careful every step of the way because I was opposed to a grand little fighter who might upset all my good work within the space of a minute or two.

The fifth, sixth and seventh rounds passed and then, for the first time, I began to feel the strain. Victory was within my grasp now. Could I hold it? I was sure I could, but it wouldn't be easy. I must keep my brain working as rapidly as my hands and feet. Genaro was not to be stripped of his title easily. The eighth round—the ninth—then the tenth! At last the tenth! Only one round to go—but against an opponent who was putting everything he had into a desperate effort to knock me out.

A little iron man who was battering away, heedless of the blows I ripped into him and dangerous every instant. Then the finish and the announcement of the verdict in my favor!

I CANNOT tell you exactly how I felt when the announcer cried:

"The new champion—La Barba!"

I don't suppose I ever will be able to describe my feelings fully. Nor can I ever hope to describe the scenes at the ringside. The people—my people—had seen that which they had desired but scarcely hoped for. I had beaten Genaro and was the flyweight champion.

I know that it took us an hour and a half to leave the place. First, there was the battle to get to the dressing room, then the battle to leave it. After that, the battle to get our car through the pack outside. I was the champion and I was extremely happy—but, believe me, I knew I had been in a fight!

Six Pepper Pot Rounds Minus Clinches and Swings

(The tale of a real battle)

By E. E. IRVINE

PERMISSION granted by the readers of The Ring, we shall turn back the pages of boxing and of memory to fifteen years ago to find a pepper pot go among the clashes of the second-raters of that day. There in the musty pages of ring history, we find a bout that lives in the memory of the writer as one of the fastest and most skilful of the thousand and more contests he has viewed within the hempen strands. The go is not listed in the record books of this day or that, but it would take rank as an outdoor attraction at the present time and would draw a capacity crowd.

The readers of The Ring must take the trip to Philadelphia, to the old National A. C. in South Broad street, where the best of the day stepped for six rounds. The Pennsylvania law of that time permitted only eighteen minutes of consecutive fighting, interspersed with the usual one minute of rest between rounds.

Jack McGuigan, since departed, was manager, matchmaker, ticket seller, ticket taker and even referee. The day of the million dollar gate had not appeared in boxing and the management personnel of the boxing club of the day reflected it.

A man had to be a genius to fill the necessary roles to have his club make money, and the boxer had to be a genius with his boxing ability to fill these clubs at low prices to make a living at the sport. Purses of a hundred or two hundred dollars were considered fairly large. A bout for $1,000 was considered "the heights" but only the champions received such "extortionate" sums.

THE smaller boys, the fast-stepping six round lads, strived to the utmost to make their performances pleasing to the Philadelphia followers of boxing. They also wanted to break into "big time"—the $1,000 a bout class. For that reason the second raters gave exhibitions that sparkled with science, speed, feinting, blocking, footwork. Perhaps these men lacked the punch, but they more than made up for it with their dazzling skill. Slugging was unknown to them.

To return to the pepper pot go in the old National. The referee steps into the ring for the final bout. The crowded house—the cheapest seat was fifty cents and the ringside best only $3—learns that the boxers are Tommy Langdon, a 132 pound-at-the-ringside lightweight from the mill section of the city, and Frankie Daly, a fraction below Langdon in weight, hailing from Pittsburgh.

Langdon, trained to the second, lean and lithe, his bronze hair flashing under the lights, is a delight to the eye of the lover of boxing. His trim body reflects the speed of the lion, his supple muscles, just showing, bear out the perfect physical condition he always carried into the ring. Philadelphia knows him from past performances and are assured of a high class of entertainment in the eighteen minutes soon to come.

There is Daly, a lad a little more squat than Langdon and with a heavier torso, and his condition also reflects speed and a well trained body. He is an equal match to the bit more rangy Langdon, but perhaps he packs a harder punch to make up for this deficiency.

THE two step to the center of the ring for the introduction and instructions. These are quickly given and the boys slip back to their corners.

Clang,—there goes the gong—and the pair step forth,—two perfect physical specimens of youth leap at each other. The whirlwind of skill starts and for six rounds they maintain this dizzy scintillating pace. They are trained to the six round period, no more, and give everything to it.

For six rounds they speed it up without a clinch. When their bodies touch, the two break automatically. The referee took a position in the first round in one corner of the ring and it was not necessary for him to change if he had minded. The referee, for all practical boxing purposes that night, might as well have moved himself into the middle of South Broad. Certainly he was not needed within the ropes for the two young men were there to box and were doing it.

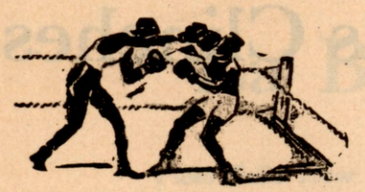
A near clinch, a quick backstep, usually by each one, and they were separated and fists were flying again. Even at this late day the writer loves to recall that the round-house swing—that punishing asset of the slugging fighter only when it lands—was absent in the Langdon-Daly go. These youths replaced it with swift jabs, head slipping of blows, flashy counters, and straight blows right and left. It was boxing science 100 per cent.

AS the final going ended the bout a tiny fleck of crimson appeared on the lower lip of Daly—the mark of a correctly timed and accurately placed jab of Langdon. That was the only visible indication of injury. The bodies of the men were red in spots, but no blood was spilled.

With the gong the boxers slipped to their corners and on out to the dressing room. There was no post bout posing, strutting and waiting for the decision. In those days the referee was not permitted by law to give a decision and custom barred boxers from seeking applause by posing after the close of a go.

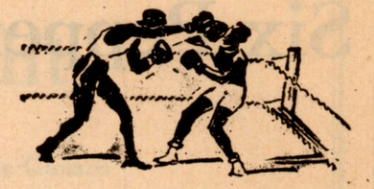
The spectators sat as if transfixed to their seats. Not a sound. Then a simultaneous roar broke forth. It came from the fifty cent seats in the balconies, it came from the floor seats, and it had come from the $2 seats at the ringside. It was the lover of boxing giving his approval to the exhibition he had just seen—eighteen minutes of boxing without a clinch, and without a wild swing—a swing of any kind. He had seen a bout that would cost him ten times as much to see today.

That pepper pot go is not on the record books, but lives long in the memory of Philadelphians, who loved boxing, not slugging and who recognized science in the ring and awarded it—meagre as the reward was in those days.



As We See It

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor



Warning to Retired Boxers

BENNY LEONARD, if he contemplates a come-back, as his press agents insist, should take heed lest he meet the tragic fate of other fistic stars who, having once retired, have reentered the ring for that "One Last Shot."

The above warning comes as a result of the pitiful showing of Johnny Buff, once kingpin of the flyweights and bantams, who having remained out of competition for a long time, decided to "make his comeback" in a bout with Johnny Hamm, a third rater from Pittsburgh. The former titleholder was so badly buffeted about the ring that his seconds mercifully threw in the sponge in the middle of the second round to save Johnny from a possible fatality.

It proved a Black Friday for Buff and it is certain to prove Black Friday for others who feel the lure of the gold and try to defy nature.

We don't insist that there is the perfect analogy between the Leonard and Buff cases. But if Benny really is going to come back he had better do it this summer or "for ever keep his peace."

* * * * *

Boxing Head in Row on Coast

BOXING in California is not enjoying the health which was predicted for it when the law legalizing the sport went into effect. The reason seems obvious—too much politics.

When the political germ finds its way into the root of a sport, that sport is doomed. Those in charge of boxing in any locality cannot afford to mix politics with their official duties; for just so soon as this is done, so quickly will the sport suffer.

California made a splendid start a little over a year ago, but internal squabbles and political interference with the State Commission has brought about a condition bordering on havoc. Boxing is a great sport but the commercial side of the game is so big that it requires the same kind of attention that must be paid to any big corporation in order to have the business of such concern prosper.

Such squabbles as the recent one between Captain Seth Strelinger, Chairman of the California State Boxing Board and Louis Almgren, another member of the Commission, won't do California boxing any good. Almgren in a vigorous statement declared that "fixed" bouts were the rule in Vernon over which section Captain Strelinger had jurisdiction. To this statement, Captain Strelinger made an equally vigorous retort, with the result that the public has now become suspicious of almost every bout on the Coast.

Why not work in harmony for the good of the game?

* * * * *

New York's Latest Sensation

NEW YORK has a young boxer in its midst, who within a year or two at most, should be knocking at the door of the champion in his division. The boy in none other than Ruby Goldstein, as classy a fighter as has been developed in this neck of the woods in many years.

Ruby, unfortunately, has not yet reached his majority and is growing so rapidly that ere another summer passes, he will be a full fledged welterweight. This may be the barrier which will halt Goldstein's rise to the top rung of the ladder, because as a lightweight, in which class he now is fighting, Ruby will probably be able to hurdle over Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell if Ruby keeps on improving as he has with almost every start, but as a welterweight, Goldstein will find too many tough boys and we doubt his strength will be sufficient to overcome this handicap.

Goldstein is the nearest approach to Benny Leonard that the East has had since Benny's rise to fame. He is as clever as either Terris or Mandell though he lacks their ring experience and trickery, and as for hitting ability, we feel they have little on him if any.

Boys of the type of Goldstein—a gentleman every inch of him—are a credit to the boxing game. Goldstein's knockout of the tough Tony Vacarelli who many experts figured would check Ruby's progress, was a feat of no mean ability.

* * * * *

Mickey Walker's Lesson

THE defeat of Mickey Walker, who was shorn of his world's welterweight title by Pete Latzo, former Scranton miner, was not unexpected by those who have been following the ways of Mickey during the past year. Walker, just a "mere boy" when he won the crown from Jack Britton, like many of the champions who preceded him, had his head turned by success. He liked distractions too much to pay strict attention to the ring and with this came a change for the worse in his fighting ability.

Mickey is still a young man with everything before him. By strict adherence to business he may regain the championship. But when Walker meets Latzo again the Slovak will be the favorite. Confidence, ability, clean living, home life—all these assets in addition to the attribute of a fighting heart are possessed by Latzo, and with these in his favor he should continue in command of his division for a longer period than did Walker.

Walker's case is just another of the many so often recalled in the history of boxing—too much success, combined with the huge purses of the modern ring brought the downfall of Mickey Walker in the ring at Scranton.

* * * * *

"Follow New York"

"FOLLOW NEW YORK" is the motto of Boxing Commissions throughout the country. Apparently the moguls like the rules and regulations governing the manly art in the State of New York as conducted under the Walker Law statutes.

Five more boards have fallen into line during the past few weeks. They include the new Illinois, Missouri, Rhode Island and Louisiana. Added to which are Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, which have had working agreements with New York for several years.

It is wise for the New Jersey and California Commissions to fall into line. They don't know what they are missing. The day will come when they will be sorry that they didn't enter into a pact with the majority.

New York is the keystone state for boxing. There is no getting away from that fact. New York takes the first step in everything appertaining to the well being of the red-blooded man's sport. The biggest attractions and the biggest houses are staged in the Empire State.

Governor Smith knew what he was doing when he appointed such industrious and honest officials as James J. Farley, William Muldoon, Walter Wear, George Brower and Col. Phelan to guide the destinies of the inner workings of the sport.

No sooner did Governor Len Small of Illinois appoint his men to direct the new commission in that state with

the return of boxing after a lapse of thirty years, than the solons came on to New York to effect a working agreement with the New York board. They were in perfect accord with all the rules, and particularly with the way New York's officials did things. Rhode Island, Louisiana and Missouri drifted in a few days later.

Boxing, of course, gains a new impetus with the almost perfect alignment of all boards. It means better sport both from a competitive and financial standpoint. Most important, it will go a long way toward driving out the vicious element, forcing champions to come out from under and defend their title every six months as they should. It also will put a stop to the flagrant abuse of the rules in every manner, shape or form. Fake fights will no longer be tolerated, and any inkling of such practices will lead to quick banishment of the principals and others involved in every state where boxing is legalized.

Keep up the good work. The more the merrier.

Come in, Jersey and California, and join the swim. You'll be sorry some day if you don't.

* * * * *

Tod Morgan Makes Good

"A BEAUTIFUL left hook—it's a treat for the eyes—and a fast pair of feet," said hardened New York fight fans after watching Tod Morgan in his first Eastern display of his fistic wares. "But let's wait until we see him extended before we pass final judgment," was the verdict of most sports critics.

That was the general attitude after Morgan, the junior lightweight champion of the world successfully defended his laurels by stopping Steve (Kid) Sullivan, former holder of the same title, in the sixth round of their bout at Ebbets Field. The real bugs, however, who were close enough to analyze Morgan's moves and competent to judge thereof, label him as a real champion and one who, with a bit more experience, will line up with the best of his class throughout its short history. His generalship is not that of Johnny Dundee and we have not as yet been shown his capacity for assimilating punishment, but he showed enough to indicate he has championship class.

Morgan is undoubtedly the hardest hitter that has graced the throne to date. This in spite of Sullivan's vaunted right uppercut. For Morgan packs a wallop in either hand and the fans were right, his left hook is one of those rare punches that may yet be ranked with Benny Leonard's right cross, Paul Berlenbach's left hook to the body and other famous punches.

His footwork may look a trifle flossy but to the initiated, every move means something and he feints with his feet as well as with the buffers. He is elusive, hard to hit and slides in and out of clinches in a manner that indicates that he will be called upon to bear up under little body punching. He shed Sullivan's punches like a veteran and his countering was sharp, incisive and accurate.

Of course, Brooklyn Steve is no longer the good little man he was. He was also bothered by a badly split nose. To many it seemed that he never should have been permitted to enter the ring with the injury. It was a natural target and Steve was a messy figure when the bout was halted. In spite of all this, Morgan's every move stamped him a fighter of high calibre and one who will be champion of his division until another real champion comes along to dethrone him.

Morgan has a pleasing ring personality. He wasted no time going to work and he fought as a champion should, for everything there was in it. He observed the niceties of ring warfare without giving anything away or asking for an extra edge. We do not hesitate to label Tod Morgan, of Seattle, as "the goods."

With Ring Rhymsters

GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE PAST
No. 2
BOB FITZSIMMONS

(Second in a Series on Famous Fighters)

By RAY HOPPMAN

A THOUGHT to Bob who cast aside
His gloves and crossed the great divide.
Old freckled Bob, whose fighting name
Is chiselled in the hall of fame
And in the heart of every fan
Who loves a first-class fighting man.

Old Ruby Rob, can we forget
His record and the men he met?
Can we forget his mighty blows
That battered down stout-hearted foes?
There was a man worth any gate,
Old Hinglish Bob, champ heavyweight.

He played the game and played it fair,
He won his laurels on the square.
A champion worthy of the name,
A credit to the fighting game.
Old shifty, awkwark, freckled Fitz
Was poison with the padded mits.

He fought the best and fought them all,
Then fell—as he made others fall.
Although his life has passed away,
The glory of his name will stay.
Old Fighting Fitz, Old Ruby Rob,
The Grand Old Man, Old Freckled Bob.

SAD, BUT TRUE

HE took boxing lessons, he thought it immense—
"Every guy should know something about self-defence.
What if you are out with a girl, and a guy
Insults her—and he is about twice as high
As you are?—Well, then you can stand up and fight,
If you know how to hit with your left and your right.
If you have the nerve and the science and such,
The size of a fellow does not matter much."

HE took boxing lessons—that is, from a book,
He practiced the uppercut, swing, jab and hook.
He practiced side-stepping, he practiced the duck,
He practiced the art of "how not to be struck."
He got to the stage where he said "I am good,
I can handle myself as an able man should,
I'm not looking for fights. As for rows I don't care
But I know how to box—and, oh well—world, beware!"

HE met a truck driver one day on the street,
A guy who had hands twice as big as his feet.
He got in an argument with the rough thing—
(Bing!) hear the birds singing!—(Biff!) hear the bells ring!
(Bam!) see the stars shining (Bang!)—well, anyhow—
He's studying Spanish from other books now.

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Greece, Mother of Manly Sport, Turns Loose Fistic Cyclone in Phil McGraw

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

HOMER'S tale of ancient Greece tells us that Theseus was the god of boxing, and that Pollux was her first champion. As a matter of fact, Greece is the mother of boxing and all manly sports. She gave the world the famous Olympiads and produced men the last word in fighting.

Centuries ago the Greeks fought with cesti, their fists enclosed in a leather and iron glove. They used a duplicate of our brass knuckles. Those must have been the good old days! Imagine getting socked in the body with a left cestus, singular for cesti, and a right cross cestus on the jaw! A flock of wows!

Philip Karamanos, better known in modern ring circles as Phil McGraw, is a descendant of Theseus and Pollux rolled into one. He must have inherited their fighting qualities because he has been a holy terror ever since they laced the first pair of gloves on his hands.

Great Greek boxers in our time have been few and far between. They don't take up the game too seriously. Those that come over from the other side go into business at once, and a great majority have become wealthy. Owning restaurants and florists shops are their main forte. It will not be long before they will have a strangle hold on these two.

THE last good Greek scrapper this country had was George (K. O.) Brown, of Chicago. He was christened George Contas. In his heyday he was accounted to be one of the best middle and light heavies in the country. He fought Jack Dillon half a dozen times and held his own with Harry Greb, Mike O'Dowd and Tom Gibbons.

Strangely, both Brown and McGraw were born in the same part of Greece — Sparta. McGraw battles along the same lines as his illustrous countryman. He is the club fighter type. Brown stood 'em up on their chairs time and again with his cyclonic milling. Phil electrified crowds in New York with his bang-up fighting, especially in his two never-to-be-forgotten scraps with Stanislaus Loayza, sturdy Chilian.

Karamos, or McGraw, first saw the light of day on March 23, 1905. He migrated to this country with his family when a mere infant in arms.

THE young Greek was left to shift for himself at the tender age of twelve years. His parents had to rush back to Greece on business and turned over the child to his older brother.

Phil's first job was a helper in a butcher shop. Later he was promoted to driving a meat wagon.

The instinct of Greece undoubtedly influenced McGraw to become a bus boy in a countryman's restaurant when only sixteen years old. All this time he was going to a Detroit Y. M. C. A. and there learned many of the clean American sporting pastimes. was an adept pupil of boxing and always put on the gloves with any of the leading lights who happened to be training there.

Jack Dempsey was the real inspiration of McGraw's career. The champion was touring the sticks giving exhibitions several years ago. He appeared in Detroit and it was there that our hero first got a glimpse of an honest-to-goodness fighter.

McGraw became so fascinated in the heavyweight champion's ring work and personality that he hung up his apron the following day and decided to make the manly art a means of earning a livelihood.

Karamanos' next stop was at the Liberty A. C., which was a gymnasium conducted by Archie Sillman, and right then and there McGraw implored Archie to guide his pugilistic destinies. Sillman wasn't so keen to take the youngster in hand, but his determined look forced the gym proprietor to give him a chance.

LEN HARDY was the socking sensation of the featherweight ranks in Detroit at that time. Len had bowled over something like nine consecutive fighters in as many starts and Detroit promoters were searching around for opponents to face him.

Sillman decided he would either make or break the young Greek's future by stacking him up against the unbeatable Hardy. A win would boost him to the skies. "It is a good gamble," reasoned Archie.

The match was arranged and on the night of the contest, when the announcer was introducing the principals, he decided to pull an innovation by presenting the Greek under the name of "Phil McGraw." Among the spectators was John McGraw, manager of the Giants. When the announcer saw the baseball genius in the crowd it occurred to him that it would be a big stunt to pull his name on a fighter.

Most of those in the audience, however, knew Philip was a Greek and his monicker gave them a big laugh. As a matter of fact, it made a big hit with the real McGraw. He was rooting his head off for his supposed namesake.

Phil surprised the fistic clans in Detroit by decisively beating Hardy in the early rounds and finally knocking him out in the ninth round. It was one of the greatest upsets ever seen in the Middle West. McGraw was made right then and there. Sillman must have said to himself, "Here I have a champion and I almost let him slip out of my hands."

After the Hardy victory came numerous offers. Sillman accepted them all. McGraw came through victorious in each succeeding start. There was no stopping him now.

McGRAW'S most noteworthy achievements at this early period were victories scored over Tony Caponi, Johnny Downs, Al Corbett and Bobby Garcia.

Detroit admirers of McGraw thought manager Sillman fit subject for the lunatic asylum when he matched him with the thumping Luis Vicentini. Sillman's judgment was vindicated when Phil all but threw the water bucket at the socking Chilian. While he was about it, Phil floored

Luis with a terrific right across on the whiskers.

Next came the shifty Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Il., Sheik. The pair met at Windsor, Ont., in a ten round bout, and although McGraw undoubtedly won seven of the ten rounds, he was given only a draw for his troubles.

About this time Paddy Mullins, manager of former middleweight champion Mike O'Dowd and Harry Wills, Nemesis of Jack Dempsey, and half manager of welterweight champion Pete Latzo, was out West on business and Sillman, who is an old chum of Paddy's looked him up and asked him to handle Phil's business in the East. Paddy looked the boy over and decided to show him in New York.

No sooner did Mullins return to New York than he asked Lew Raymond. matchmaker of the Pioneer Club, to give the Detroit Greek a chance. Lew matched him with Charles Rosen on December 22, 1925, but Rosen took sick and Vicentini substituted. The betting was 4 to 1 that the Chilian would rock the little visitor into the arms of Morpheus. The only man who had implicit faith in McGraw's ability to turn back Vicentini was the shrewd Mullins. We recall that Paddy asked him to give "the kid the careful once over."

It didn't take McGraw long to fathom the Chilian's trick style. Then he went to work on him.. Straight lefts to the mouth and right hooks to the jaw made the foreigner flounder all over the ring. Some of the wise birds couldn't believe their eyes as they watched the frail McGraw batter Vicentini from pillar to post. For twelve rounds Phil thrilled the assemblage with his ding dong sort of milling. He never stopped, plunging in head first and ramming blows to the body and face as fast as his little arms would work.

Mullins was showered with congratulations. "You have another champion," he heard from all sides.

McGRAW'S next appearance was at the new Madison Square Garden. Jess McMahon matched him with the gamester Stanislaus Loayza. Will you ever forget the great fight they fought? It will live long in the memory of the writer. A classic in slugging. Both boys never let up for an instant. The crow was forced to stand up throughout the fight, so terrific was the pace, and they never saw so many blows struck. Loayza was awarded the decision, but it was one of those proverbial eyelash victories.

He then fought Johnny Rocco at the Pioneer and a return match with Loayza followed which was just as sensational as their first encounter. This one was called a draw. Most of the experts and fans thought McGraw earned the verdict. If they ever meet again McGraw will climb through the ropes a slight favorite.

McGraw lost another close decision to Eddie (Kid) Wagner in his last start, but he apparently was off form. Too much fighting had sapped his strength. On July 9 he meets some good boy in an important contest at the Polo Grounds for a charitable cause. This will be Phil's third fight for charity in New York.

McGraw has opened a beautiful florist shop in Detroit with some of his ring earnings, and it is his intention to devote all his time to flowers when he hangs up his leather mittens. Jimmy Andrews has a piece of the business. They occupy bachelor apartments on top of the store.

McGraw's mania is the theatre. When he is in New York, Phil takes in most of the good shows on Broadway. He is a clean liver, is in bed early every night, and whether he is scheduled to box or not, he knocks off a few miles on the roads in the morning before breakfast.

PERSONALLY Phil is a fine chap. He doesn't brag about his ability and he talks little shop. Engage him in conversation on flowers or the theatre, and you'll become his best pal. "Boxing came to me naturally," is the way Phil dismisses the subject on how and why he took up fisticuffs.

"I like to fight, it was born in me," he will admit.

"Will I become a champion? I hope to," he repeats the question and answers in the same breath.

Most everybody agrees that if the ancient Rocky Kansas will only give the young Greek a chance that he will topple him off his lofty perch on the lightweight ladder. There are also those who make the prophecy that McGraw will knock him kicking in short order.

McGraw is ready for Kansas. But will Rocky give him a shot? Ah, that's a horse of another color.

Mullins thinks as much of McGraw as he does of Latzo and Wills. He plays no favorites with his prima donnas. Whenever McGraw fights, you can rest assured that Paddy will climb up the stairs between rounds to give him expert advice. He treats him like his own son.

Sillman is willing to wager $10,000 of his own money that McGraw can whip Kansas. He will put up the money with any reliable stakeholder as soon as the champion says the word. "Money talks," says Archie.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

MATHISON'S OPINION

CHARLES F. MATHISON, veteran boxing expert, a man who sat in at all of the greatest championship fights extending over a period of thirty-five, when some of the present day writers were in their swaddling clothes, takes Francis Albertanti, who conducts the Questions and Answers pages in The Ring, to task for having the temerity of labelling the late John L. Sullivan the best heavyweight of all time.

Mathison's opinion of John L. as a fighter and a review of the boston Strong Boy's ring achievements make interesting reading. His letter to Albertanti follows:

"Please do not think that I wish to impose my views on you, and I am sure that you are fair-minded enough always to listen to the other side of a question.

"Let us calmly consider Sullivan's record in the ring. He won the American title from Paddy Ryan in 1882, a man who never had but four battles in his life and three of them were with Sullivan. Ryan was the most hopelessly incompetent heavy in the history of pugilism. Please look up Ryan's record in Andrew's Ring Battles of Centuries, which you no doubt have in the office. After winning from Ryan, Sullivan went on the road knocking out setups in four round bouts.

"The real fighters of Sullivan's time were Peter Jackson, Joe Goddard, Frank Slavin, Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey. Sullivan drew the color line against Jackson, and sidestepped Goddard and Slavin, either one of whom would have slaughtered the Boston Boy.

"He finally made a match with Mitchell, a 160-pounder, but a fine boxer, ring general and hitter. It took place in France and Sullivan was a whipped man in the thirty-ninth round when his manager, Harry Phillips bought a draw for $2,500. In 1885 Sullivan made a match with Dom McCaffrey, 175-pounder. It took place at Cincinnati, and the articles said '6 rounds **or to a finish.**' McCaffrey, a good boxer and ring general, and punishing hitter. Sullito come out of his corner for seventh. Referee left ring without giving decision, and two days later announced that Sullivan was the winner!

"The best men Sullivan ever whipped was Jake Kilrain, a second rater, and the 'champion of champions' was made to look like a plugged nickel when Corbett got him in the ring. Fitzsimmons was eager for a bout with Sullivan but Corbett beat him to the match. It was lucky for Jawn that Corbett, a light hitter got him, for Fitz would have sunk Sullivan in about six rounds.

"I don't ask you to take my word for these statements. Go to the records in Andrews' record book and if you can put your finger on the name of one first class heavy that John L. ever defeated, I am going to send you a crisp ten dollar bill."

THINKS JACKSON BEST

"I am a constant reader of your wonderful magazine, "The Ring." Every article in it is worth praising but I am especially delighted and interested in those about old timers and about ranking boxers of all times.

"I have most carefully followed the opinions of the fans on the greatest heavyweight of all times, and I am herewith offering my choice.

"In my opinion, Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, James Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, James Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford, Tom Sharkey, Frank Slavin, Harry Wills, Jake Kilrain, Kid McCoy, Peter Maher and Joe Choynski are among the eligibles.

"Considering science, cleverness, power, fighting spirit, ability to take 'em and give 'em, I select Peter Jackson, No. 1, Jack Johnson, second and Jim Jeffries next in line."

"John Brookes,
Michigan Ave., Chicago."

AGREES WITH MATHISON

I HAVE read Charles F. Mathison's article on the fight between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons at Coney Island on June 9, 1899. In my opinion, there was only one decision to be given and I heartily agree with Mr. Mathison that Fitz won. The way I dope this thing out is this:

Jeffries was a superman, everyone must admit that, but he did not relish punishment and could not absorb it. I used to think he was a good man till he fought Jack Johnson and I have not the slightest doubt he could have given a very good account of himself on the day he fought Johnson, but he was beaten before he went in the ring.

In other words he was afraid. There were two men looking on at the fight who could have given Johnson a good battle, namely, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey and it must have been gall to their souls to see such a fine specimen of American manhood lying down before the blows of the colored man.

DAVID LYON,
Florence, N. J.

Horace Leeds, Great Lightweight of Old Days, Gets Little Recognition

By DR. H. K. GEROW

I HAVE seen columns and columns written about many of the old lightweights, but never any mention of one of the greatest of the lot. How many of the boxing followers of the present day can recollect Horace Leeds, who was a topnotch 133-pounder about a generation ago? Tom Andrews has left Horace out of his "Ring Battles of a Century" but Leeds was a fine boxer, and a fine type, just the same.

Leeds will be recalled by some as "The Pride of Atlantic City." He began his career by winning the amateur lightweight championship in 1893 in Philadelphia, the final being carried there from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. After he won this he decided to enter the "pro" ranks. Leeds' first professional start was against Billy Clark, who had fought a vicious finish fight with Ike Weir, "The Belfast Spider." In this fight Leeds got a bad decision.

He then tackled Billy Young of Washington, whom he stopped in 3 rounds. A match was then made with Jack McAuliffe, who was champion then. When Leeds selected Jack next, many of the wise ones shook their heads and thought it was suicidal for Leeds. Well, he went through with it, and came out with honors. They met at The Academy of Music in Philadelphia on April 1, 1893 and fought with two ounce gloves.

Gives Jack a Fight

LEEDS gave Jack four, or I might say three, of the fastest rounds he ever traveled. For three rounds Leeds gave Jack a great pasting and in the very first round came within a whisker of beating him. It was a brilliant flash and thrill to see this newcomer carry the fight to the World's Champion. At the time McAuliffe weighed nearly 160 pounds while Leeds was well under the lightweight limit, which was 133 pounds in those days. In the fourth round Jack cut loose and landed a savage left in Leeds' mid-section.

While it slowed Horace up, he finished the round in no great distress. The match was made for four rounds. Had it been one of longer duration, there is no telling what might have happened either way. While Jack had the worst of it, I will say for him that he was likely out of condition at the time for he was touring the country with a burlesque show and had little time to keep fit.

The fact remains that Leeds was his master on this occasion. This was the opinion of a vast majority of those who were in attendance. What a fight that was! The old show house was packed from Pit to Dome that night. I don't think the attendance was ever equalled for a limited round bout in Philadelphia until the Nelson-McGovern affair, which took place many years after.

Champions Not Always Great

IN relating this affair it is not that I want to take anything away from McAuliffe or pick his reputation to pieces, for he was a great fighter and admired as a champion, yet all champions have had their ups and downs and don't always run away with everything. The fact is I like to see more recognition given to the fellows who opposed the "champs."

I often wonder why some of these great fights over the short route have been so little commented on. There were some great ones around Philadelphia in those days. I recall distinctly the scrap between Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan as far back as 1904. In this bout I think four clean knockdowns occurred in six rounds. I often wonder who of the Old Timers remember these fights. If there are any who do, let them speak up.

Well, to go back to Leeds' career. Following the affair with McAuliffe, he met Jack Bennett and was bested, being out of condition at the time. He knocked out Isadore Strauss in one round. Then fought hard battles with "Wilmington" Jack Daly (Cornelius Morriety), "Bull" McCarthy, Owen Zeigler and others, always holding his own. These were no decision fights. He knocked out the tough Billy Ernest at Coney Island in eight rounds and knocked out Charlie McKeever in four rounds.

Matched With Griffo

THEN Leeds was matched with the wonderfully clever Griffo. The affair was pulled off at the Coney Island Club. They went 12 rounds. While Griffo got the decision, there were many who thought Leeds had earned a good draw. But Tim Hurst extended the kindly hand to Griffo. They met a year later in a short bout and the press gave Leeds the better of it.

His last fight was with Jack Everhardt at Maspeth, Long Island. This was for 20 rounds in the days of the old Horton Law. Until the fifteenth round Leeds was winning "hands down." The late Captain Glori told me a short time before his death that 5 to 1 were being offered that Leeds would knock Everhardt out before the limit, but none could be found who would take the small end.

In the fifteenth round Leeds was hot after his man, who was running away to escape punishment, when suddenly without any warning Leeds collapsed without being hit and fell flat in the ring.

It was a case of overtraining and came near resulting seriously. As Leeds wasn't on his feet and able to continue, Everhardt was credited with with a knockout. This was Leeds' last fight of importance.

Still in Fine Shape

THE writer saw Horace some time back. He has changed but little. Father Time has been kind to him. While he rarely laces on the gloves these days, he is sprightly and agile as a cat and could step a few rounds even now. It's all due to his clean living and clean habits.

He always did his best and never made a great howl when things went unjustly against him. While his name is rarely mentioned these days along with the "Old Boys," he was a worthy foeman and a credit to the game.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

(*Special Correspondence of* THE RING)
Paris, June 2.

DURING the past few weeks several good bouts were staged in the Paris rings, and some bad ones. Possibly the worst of the lot was the scrap between Francis Charles, former middleweight champion, and the much touted Hans Breitenstraeter, of Germany.

Hans proved almost as great a joke as the Englishman Drake, whom Paolino knocked out in a few punches a couple of months ago. The German, who had many pounds on Charles, lasted just four minutes of fighting after the first bell. Breitenstraeter rushed out of his corner like a wild man and tried with a right and left for the head, both blows failed to land on the clever Charles. Both then tried some close infighting and the little Frenchman put in some stiff wallops to the body of Hans. The German kept his arms going like a wind mill and managed to land a few blows none of which did any damage.

At the bell for the second round Hans made another mad rush for Charles, who side stepped and then stepped in and landed a smashing left to the jaw which almost knocked Hans off his pins. That happened during the first thirty seconds. Both then worked for the body, but the defence of Charles was so good that few of the German's blows passed through. Charles stepped out and landed another wicked left hand smash to the jaw, then one to the body, which he followed with a short right to the jaw. Hans slumped down like a log for the full count.

It was the first time that Breitenstrater ever contested in a French ring and it will probably be his last. There are many French lads who can take his number. A match which would attract the biggest gate in Paris, since the Carpentier-Siki fight, would be a battle with Charles and Paolino. Charles is the kind of fighter who is always ready against any man, and he is a much better fighter at the light heavyweight poundage than he was as a middleweight.

Lightweight Bob Sirvain of France met the Belgian Henri Dupont at Brussels recently and was defeated, or rather had to discontinue the fight in the second of a scheduled twelve round bout, on account of breaking a bone in his right hand.

MASCART, French featherweight, knocked out Lake of England, in the sixth of a scheduled fifteen round bout at the Cirque de Paris. In the round previous Lake had been sent to the canvas on four occasions and he came out for the sixth very weak. It was in the first minute of the round that Mascart again sent Lake to the canvas, and the seconds of the Englishman, seeing that their man was outclassed, tossed in a towel as token of defeat.

Jimmy Slattery attended the fight between Mascart and Lake, as a guest of the club and he received a rousing reception from the crowd that packed the arena from pit to dome. Jimmy was well pleased with how the bouts are conducted in Paris. There is none of the howling mob stuff, such as we have frequently witnessed in the American arenas. Boxing in Paris is conducted much like the way the theatres are—appreciation being shown by hand clapping after the rounds.

The American Negro boxer, Al Baker, a heavyweight, who by the way, was one of the two boxers thrown out of a Spanish ring a couple of months ago, managed to get a bout in Paris recently against Peguilhan. Baker received considerable punishment from the French fighter and the judges had no difficulty in finding Peguilhan the victor.

Kid Socks, who has been touted as one of the best English featherweights was defeated by the titleholder Elky Clarke, at the National Sporting Club, of England, last month. The end came in the last, the twentieth round when the referee stopped the bout shortly after the bell to save Socks from receiving unnecessary punishment.

Harry Corbett, English featherweight, who is a mightly clever boxer, gave Mascart quite a beating in a fifteen round bout at the Paris Cirque de Paris. It was only in the early rounds that Mascart had any advantage. After the fifth session Corbett on many occasions made Mascart appear foolish. It was a fighter against a boxer. The officials in deciding the fight a draw, did what many good judges of boxing considered a great injustice to Corbett.

KID FRANCIS, who is one of the best bantams in Europe, received a decision over another very clever French fighter Charley Sauvage at the Corbett-Mascart fight. The two boys put up a great battle for twelve rounds. It was a hummer from start to finish.

The Philadelphia heavyweight Negro Jack Taylor, received a fine walloping from a French fighter by the name of Paillaux, at the same entertainment.

Tommy Milligan, who has cast his lot in with the middleweights of Great Britain, has signed to fight George West, in a championship contest at Waverly Market arena, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Diener, German fighter, who stayed ten rounds with Paolino after the latter broke a hand in the early rounds, is after a fight with the English champion Phil Scott, the man that Paolino knocked out a few months ago in Barcelona, Spain. Diener was offered a big purse to meet Paolino again for a bout in Paris by promoter Jeff Dickson, but the German would not listen unless he received a guarantee of more money than has even been taken in at an indoor bout in Paris.

Scott is anxious to box Joe Beckett to show that he is a real British champion. At least that is what he had to say in an interview he gave out recently. If by defeating poor old Joe Beckett Phil considers that he would be a worthy British representative it should not be much of a task for him to prove that much.

AT the Vilodrome D'Hiver, Paris, the latter part of May, Andre Routis, who is a very clever bantam, defended his title successfully against

(*Continued on page* 38)

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Issy Singer, New York City.

Q.—Was Tunney ever knocked out; could he beat Dempsey, Wills, Firpo, Stribling and Risko? (2) Who would win between Danny Kramer and Babe Herman, and Benny Bass and Bud Taylor?

A.—No; he could whip Stribling, Firpo and Risko. (2) Herman, Bass.

Robert Shore, Sask., Canada.

Q.—Who was winning between Slattery and Berlenbach up to the time Berlenbach knocked him out, and in what round did Paul stop Slats?

A.—Slattery; end came in eleventh round.

Len Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—Did Benny Leonard have a kid brother in the ring?

A.—Yes.

Mike Henry, Zanesville, Ohio.

Q.—Who would win in a return bout between Greb and Flowers?

A.—Flowers.

Robert Mauro, New York City.

Q.—(1) How was Leo Johnson rated in the lightweight division? (2) Could Joe Glick beat Tony Vacarelli? (3) Could Stribling beat Berlenbach? (4) Could Sammy Shack whip Dominick Petrone?

A.—(1) Fourth rater. (2) Yes. (3) No. (4) No.

Alex Schifren, New York City

Q.—(1) Who would win between Solly Seeman and Rocky Kansas? (2) Was Sid Terris knocked out by Joe Ryder? (3) Who is the greatest lightweight of all time? (4) Will Delaney beat Berlenbach if they meet again?

A.—(1) Kansas. (2) Yes. (3) Joe Gans. (4) Yes.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—What is the nationality of Shuffle Callahan?

A.—Irish-American.

A Brooklyn reader.

Q.—Where is Al Demont, once a great bantam?

A.—He is living in Boston and promoting fights.

Nat Rubin, Philadelphia.

Q.—I am eighteen years old, weigh 146 pounds and I am five feet six inches tall. Will I be good if I start training now?

A.—Can't lose anything by trying.

Ralph Garaner, New York City.

Q.—(1) Are Sid Terris and Harry Felix stablemates? (2) Who would win in the following bouts: Kid Williams vs. Charley (Phil) Rosenberg and Abe Attell vs. Kid Kaplan?

A.—(1) No longer in the same stable. Dan Caplin manages Terris and Bill Duffy guides the destinies of Felix. (2) Williams, Attell.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Do you think Al Corbett, of Cleveland, will ever be a champ? (2) Was Benny ever stopped, and who would win between Bass and Eddie Shea?

A.—(1) No. (2) No, Bass

Hyman Goldur, New York City.

Q.—(1) What has become of Sid Rabin? (2) What was the result of the Sid Rabin-Harry Felix bout? (3) Who would win between Terris and Phil McGraw?

A.—(1) He is still fighting. (2) Felix was the winner. (3) Terris.

Paul Yuhaus, Watertown, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is sixteen years too young to take up boxing? (2) Did Benny Leonard retire as undefeated lightweight champion, and where does he live?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes; Ninety-sixth Street and West End Avenue, New York City.

Clyde Berry Dawson, N. B., Canada.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a fifteen round bout between Stribling and Berlenbach? (2) What was the result of the Stribling-Eddie Huffman fight last summer? (3) Who would win in the following bouts: Dempsey vs. Jeffries, Dempsey vs. Johnson, Dempsey vs. Fitzsimmons, Leonard vs. Packey McFarland?

A.—(1) Berlanbach. (2) Stribling won in ten rounds. (3) Jeffries, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, McFarland.

Jimmy Smith, Brockton, Mass.

Q.—Did Willard ever kill an opponent in the ring?

A.—Yes.

Jack Schiff, New York City.

Q.—Did Joe Glick ever box Ruby Goldstein?

A.—No.

B. Malone, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Could Shuffle Callahan beat Joe Dundee? (2) What has become of Boy McCormick, did he fight Tom Gibbons and what was the result?

A.—(1) No. (2) Practically finished. Fought Tom a ten round draw.

F. Giglotto, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the two leading bantams, and who would win between the pair?

A.—Chick Suggs and Bushey Graham. Suggs.

Solly Goldstein, Newark, N. J.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Benny Leonard-Abe Attell bout? (2) How can I get in touch with Ruby Goldstein?

A.—(1) Toss-up. (2) Look up his manager Hymie Cantor, National Sports Alliance, Broadway and 43rd Street, New York City.

Israel Demsky, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are some of the great fighters Joe Choynski beat, and was he a contender for the heavyweight title?

A.—George Godfrey, Jim Hall, Peter Maher, Jack Johnson. He was a contender.

Reader, Plainfield, N. J.

Q.—(1) How is Ruby Goldstein rated among the lightweights today? (2) Who would win in a Dempsey-Paolino bout? (3) How can one become a scientific boxer?

A.—(1) Ruby is no longer a lightweight. Has a big future in welterweight class. (2) Dempsey. (3) Instruction from a scientific boxer.

A Constant Reader, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Billy Miske? Was he a great fighter, and what were his most notable achievements? (2) Where can I get a good book on the heavyweight ring history?

A.—(1) Six feet tall, 185 pounds. He was not a great fighter. He defeated Bill Brennan, Jack Renault, Gunboat Smith and Battling Levinsky. (2) Would advise you to get in touch with Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of The Ring. He can supply you with all the dope on the heavyweight division.

James J. Blake, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Do the club's physician examine a fighter after he fights, especially if he has been knocked out? (2) What is the most dangerous punch next to the rabbit and the punch over the heart? (3) Why do most fighters die young, say below forty?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Kidney punch. (3) In the early days dissipation. Percentage of early deaths nowadays small.

John Mahnken, New York City

Q.—(1) When doing roadwork is it right to trot most of the time? (2) Where are exhibition bouts generally held? (3) Should one be a professional fighter to fight at exhibition bouts?

A.—(1) Vary the pace between trotting and walking. (2) Not where bouts are legalized. (3) No.

Bob Loer, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—I am five feet five and a half inches, weigh 121 pounds and I am sixteen years old. What would you advise for me in order to learn how to box.

A.—Join a gym where there is a competent instructor.

Tim Daly, Berkeley, Cal.

Q.—(1) How old was the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey when he died, and when and where was he born? (2) What is the greatest fighting nationality? (3) How many Irishmen held world championships? (4) Was there a fighter named Jim Daley, of Berkeley, California?

A.—(1) Thirty-three; County Kildare, Ireland. (2) If you mean greatest pugilists American born of any nationality. Irish most combative; negroes clever. (3) McGovern, Dempsey, Britton, Walker, Tunney, McTigue, O'Dowd Joe Lynch. (4) No record.

Regular Reader of The Ring.

Q.—(1) I am seventeen years of age and weigh 150 pounds. Do you think I could reduce to 139 and be in good fighting trim? (2) What size gloves should I use for working out purposes? What size medicine ball should I use?

A.—(1) No. Likely to injure health. (2) Eight ounces. Medium size.

Peace McKenna, Armagh, Ireland.

Q.—Where can I get the record and history of Joe Coburn?

A.—Charles F. Mathison wrote a classic on Coburn many years ago. You can get it perhaps from the files of The New York Sun.

P. Romero, New Orleans, La.

Q.—(1) Is sixteen years too young to be fighting in the amateurs? (2) I am 112 pounds. What class will I be in when I stop growing? (3) Is it too much for me to work out six rounds every night, including rope skipping, shadow boxing, bag punching and sparring? (4) Shall the rounds last two or three minutes?

A.—(1) Not if well developed for age. (2) Perhaps heavyweight. (3) Yes. Go stale. (4) Two.

Frank Carrara, New York City.

Q.—Are the following Genoese Italians—Andy Divodi, Georgie Cuneo, Henny Catena, Willie Spencer, Arthur De Kuh, Johnny Rocco, Mike Ballerino, Johnny Grosso?

A.—Search us. Will state, however, that most good Italian fighters are of Sicilian extraction.

Eddie Smelsie, Topeka, Kansas.

Q.—(1) Was Billy Britton ever a very good fighter? (2) Has Stribling a chance at the heavyweight crown? (3) Who would win a Berlenbach-Stribling bout?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Berlenbach.

Sam Pericone, New Orleans, La.

Q.—(1) Will Tony Marullo amount to anything, and how old is he? (2) Would Dempsey beat Wills if they ever met in the ring?

A.—(1) No, twenty-five years old. (2) Yes.

Louis Leon, Folsom, Cal.

Q.—Was there any dispute as to who was the champion when Gans and Nelson met in their first fight?

A.—No. Gans was the undisputed title-holder.

An Enthusiastic Reader, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Was Battling Levinsky ever light heavyweight champion of the world and did Carpentier take the title from him? (2) What has become of Bob Martin and Johnny Kilbane?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Both have retired from the ring.

Michael Morris, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Could Pancho Villa (if he were alive) beat La Barba? (2) Who do you think will be the next heavyweight, light heavyweight, middle and welter champions?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Gene Tunney, Young Stribling, Dave Shade and possibly Joe Dundee.

A Constant Reader, Philadelphia.

Q.—Would I need a pass in order to go to a gymnasium to see the boxers train.

A.—You must pay entrance fee.

Rich Farnam, New York City.

Q.—Which was the hardest fight of Jack Dempsey's? In one issue he claims Gunboat Smith and then he claimed Firpo. Which is correct?

A.—Gunboat Smith.

James White, New York City.

Q.—Did Johnny Risko ever fight Jack Renault and what was the result?

A.—Yes. Twelve rounds, no-decision.

David Lyon, Florview, N. J.

Q.—Who won the fight between Jeffries and Sharkey at Coney Island when George Siler was the referee? In your opinion, who won?

A.—Jeffries. Sharkey deserved a draw, at least.

Israel Demsky, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) How was Joe Choynski rated when he was in his prime? (2) Who is the most promising of the following—Maxie Rosenbloom, Yale Okun, Lew Warshaw, Cy Schindel, Lew Chester? (3) Has Phil K. O. Kaplan a good chance of annexing the middleweight honors from Tiger Flowers?

A.—(1) Among the topnotchers in the heavyweight division. (2) Rosenbloom. (3) Yes.

Frank Centineo Baltimore, Md.

Q.—(1) Why do you rate Jack Zivic over Joe Dundee as the leading welterweight contender since Dundee defeated him since Zivic has been in his prime? (2) What are Joe Dundee's chances of dethroning Pete Latzo? (3) Do fighters after a fractured wrist has healed use some kind of a liniment or remedy of some sort in order to strengthen the bone? If so give name of remedy?

A.—(1) Three years ago Dundee got decision at end of close twelve rounds. Zivic has gone way back in our estimation. Dundee has been going like a house on fire of late. (2) Very good. (3) Fighters who break bones are attended by surgeons. Liniment will not strengthen fractured bones.

C. H. Drake, Minneapolis, Minn.

There is a question that has always puzzled me, and incidentally has been the cause of many heated arguments between my friends and I. The question is this:—(1) Which determines one's ability to take a punch on the jaw—the jaw or the neck? Is a protruding jaw necessary to withstand a heavy blow to this region or will one be more likely to throw off the bad effects if he has a thick, strong neck, even though his jaw is not very prominent?

Will you also give me the names of several men, who, in your opinion, would be the best to learn boxing from?

If you learn to box from a defensive fighter will the student also be a defensive fighter?

A.—(1) Neither jaw, neck or protruding chin matter. A blow on the point of the chin jars the nerves of neck or head, resulting in partial or complete unconsciousness. If the nervous system of neck, jaw and head is not very sensitive a knock out is not likely. Battling Nelson had as strong a jaw as any man, and yet his chin did not protrude nor was his neck large. The same was true of Joe Grim, a welter whom Fitzsimmons, Johnson and other hard hitting heavies failed to stop. A projecting jaw is said by phrenologists to indicate pugnacity, which is doubtful. You will never know whether you can take a punch until you get it. (2) Go to a good gym and learn to box. (3) No. It will depend on yourself. If you are naturally combative, you will be so in a contest. A defensive boxer would be best to teach you how to defend yourself by scientific boxing.

Pat White, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I am twenty years of age and would like to start boxing as a professional. What manager in my city can I get in touch with that would do anything for me?

A.—Would advise that you get in touch with Al Delmont. He is located in the Mechanics Pavilion Building He'll steer you straight.

Martin J. Ralter, Oneonta, N. Y.

Q.—Who do you think will win the next Walker-Latzo fight?

A.—Latzo.

A Reader, Philadelphia.

Q.—Who would win the following bouts: Delaney vs. Loughran, Stribling vs. Loughran, Berlenbach vs. Loughran?

A.—Delaney, Stribling, Berlenbach.

Frank Rubio, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever fight Kid Norfolk?

A.—No.

Ralph Sousa, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Was Bill Brennan a good fighter, and who would win between Brennan and Tom Gibbons both in their prime? (2) Where can I get photos of boxers in fighting dress and street clothes? (3) Which of the following would draw a bigger gate in their own divisions—Tunney vs. Dempsey or Wills vs. Dempsey; Delaney vs. Berlenbach or Stribling vs. Berlenbach?

A.—(1) Yes. Gibbons. (2) The Ring, 16th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City. (3) Dempsey-Wills; Berlenbach-Delaney.

Joseph Renault, Lowell, Mass.

Q.—(1) I am twenty-three years old and weigh 138 pounds. Am I too old to start boxing, and could I train down to 125? (2) Who are the hardest hitters in the featherweight division?

A.—(1) Just ripe. You could train down to 125. (2) Babe Herman, Danny Kramer, Leo (Kid) Roy, Bobby Garcia, Carl Duane.

A Regular Reader, Milford, Conn.

Q.—(1) Was Australian Charlie Griffin ever really prominent in the featherweight ranks, and was he ever really considered Abe Attell's menace? (2) Was Dave Shade ever knocked out by Tille (Kid) Herman, and how many times?

A.—(1) He was a very good featherweight but he didn't start to compare with Attell. (2) No record of it. Very, very doubtful.

Phil Somsky, New York City.

Q.—(1) What has become of Larry Williams, Dempsey's sparring partner? (2) Did Sid Terris engage in any bouts on the coast?

A.—(1) Fight now and then. (2) No.

Max Schwager, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—If a fighter is knocked out even though he has won every other round by a large margin, who should be awarded the decision?

A.—His opponent.

Browne, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I purchase Pierce Egan's "Boxiana," Henning's "Fights for the Championship," or some other book on old English champions? What is the price of any one of these?

A.—Write a personal letter to Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of The Ring, 16th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—I am 17 years old, stand 5 feet 9 inches in my stocking feet, reach 71 inches, and I weigh 139 pounds. Is this o.k. to start as an amateur boxer?

A.—Yes.

Scranton, Pa., Fan.

Q.—Can Pete Latzo whip Mickey Walker if they fight again?

A.—Yes.

Inquisitive, New York City.

Q.—Who would win between Benny Leonard and Joe Gans? What weight did Gans make as a lightweight?

A.—Gans. 133 pounds ringside.

James J. O'Leary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with Dan Caplin, manager of Sid Terris?

A.—Publicity Building, 47th Street and Broadway, New York City.

WE STAND CORRECTED

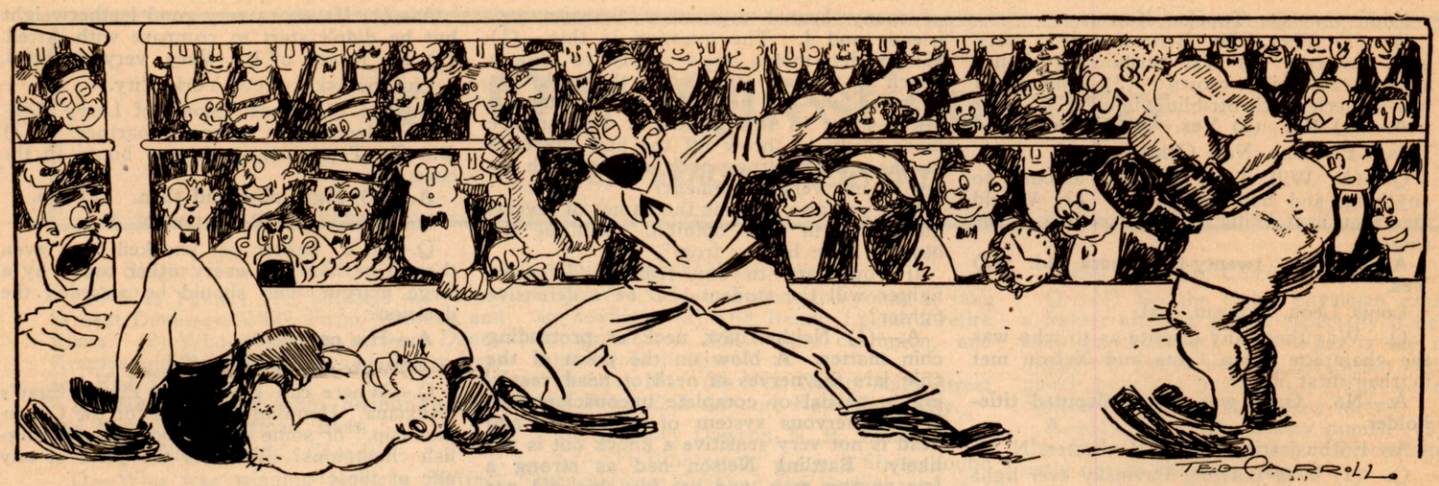
From Josy Van Dreeb, Utica, N. Y.—You stated last month that Chick Suggs fought Rocky Kansas. Didn't you mean Chick Kansas?

[You are right. Suggs lost to Chick Kansas on a foul in seven rounds and beat him in ten.]—Ed.

Floyd Carte, 817 Grant Street, Akron, Ohio—I want to correct one of the answers to a question asked in the Ring issue of March concerning Harry Forbes. The question was, "Did Harry Forbes ever fight Johnny Buff or Frankie Mason?" You said that he never fought either. Forbes fought both and lost the decision to Buff in ten rounds and won from Mason in ten.

Frank Curtio, No. 1629 First Avenue, New York City.—In the May issue of The Ring, in answer to a query as to whether Joe Dundee was ever kayoed, it is asserted that he was not. You err. In the Everlast Book of 1923 it is recorded that on January 14, 1922, Freddie Jacks knocked him out in twelve rounds at Baltimore.

[You may be right but no such black mark is on Dundee's record in the 1926 issue of the same book. Somebody is fooling with the cards.]—Ed.



New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

DAME Fortune has stopped smiling at Perfumery Jack Kearns. The San Franciscan is no longer the care free, hail fellow well met he was when he managed champion Jack Dempsey. With the dethronement of Mickey Walker as welterweight king and the poor showing of his big Jack Dorval against Dan Leiber, Kearns is beginning to realize that there is some truth in an old saying, "all things must break even," or words to that effect.

We remember Mr. Kearns some years back when he dished out big seidels of beer for a nickel (wish we could lay our hands on one of them now) in a Butte, Mont., saloon, was a paluka fighter, and the time he came east with Billy Murray. Those were lean days for the dapper Walla Walla lad.

After Dempsey climbed the top rung of the heavyweight ladder there was no holding Kearns. He was treading on thin air. He made a fortune. He kept the champ in a glass case. He wouldn't let him breathe, let alone speak. "Ask Doc," was Dempsey's stereotyped answer whenever somebody asked him a question. Then the big break came! Dempsey shook himself free from Kearns and his arbitary orders.

Along came Walker and he joined Kearns. Mickey, a swell little fellow when the late Jack Bulger handled him, began to makeup like a movie Sheik. Then he was introduced to the Bright Lights. Mickey played them off the boards. He didn't drink but he kept late hours.

Kearns dropped a few pegs as a big time manager when he matched Walker with Pete Latzo in the latter's bailiwick at Scranton, Pa. He got $30,000 and a fine licking for Mickey. The same fight would have drawn a bigger "gate" in New York. Kearns made a mess of the whole thing. Now he'll have to cool his heels outside of Paddy Mullins' doorsteps a few months before he can hope to get a return match. Although he will not admit that Dorval is a paluka Kearns in his heart and soul knows that he won't get any further than he has and that's nowhere.

The Ring believes in giving both sides a hearing. Mickey attributes his defeat to being "over-trained." The former champion explains: "I had been out of the ring eight months when I took on Latzo and I pushed myself too hard to get in tiptop condition. The stories about Broadway life undermining my vigor are untrue and unfair to me.

"I put in six hard weeks' training for the match, and was on edge too soon to be 'right.' I have had the experience before. I have my youth and strength yet, and in five or six months I'll be there again. Mickey's confidence was shared by his mother, who has assisted in training him for important matches ever since he was a preliminary fighter.

The debonair Charley Cook has a new lightweight. The man who introduced Floyd Johnson and Eddie Huffman to eastern fans has brought Tommy Cello all the way from San Francisco to exhibit his wares in New York and Boston rings. Cello is a lightweight. In one hundred battles Charley's protege has lost only seven decisions and has never been knocked out. Cello defeated Tommy O'Brien on the Coast and vanquished Jack Silver, who had beaten Hymie Gold. He has also won from Teddy O'Hara, Billy Alger, Eddie White, Billy Wallace, Frankie Garcia, Johnny O'Donnell and Frankie Hoppe. Cello stepped in as a substitute without training and fought a draw with Lou Paluso. All the newspapers said he was entitled to the decision.

The various outdoor arenas in Greater New York got off to a terrible start. One or two of them dropped a chunk of dough. The unusual cold weather combined with April showers that came in May and June froze and drowned out the customers. For instance, the Coney Island Stadium threw open its doors on May 28 with a wonderful card featuring a flock of welters. Ordinarily the "gate" should have touched the $35,000 mark. It was so bitter cold that night that a small crowd braved the elements. The promoters lost $2,000 or $3,000. The fights were pippins. The second show on June 4 was postponed a week because of threatening weather. The Queensboro opening was a big success in spite of the Arctic weather. The second show had progressed to the first of three star tens when Jupe Pluvius got sore about something or other and almost drowned the crowd. Matchmaker Tom McArdle had to give the boys rain checks. The show was finished five nights later. And so it was with all the smaller clubs.

The new Garden was closed to boxing for two weeks while the Cossacks were strutting their stuc in the amphitheatre. Promoter Tex Rickard reopened the arena to fisticuffs on June 17 with a welter weight duel between Mickey Walker and Joe Dundee.

During the months of May and June the fans saw several more upsets. Eddie (Kid) Wagner, who was practicauly relegated to the scrap heap, surprised the experts and enthusiasts alike by whipping Phil McGraw. The latter was 4 to 1 in the betting. They also witnessed the defeat of Joe Glick, who was being plastered all over the Queensboro ring by Carl Duane when he committed the unpardonable foul. Glick was 3 to 1 favorite. Not forgetting the decisive victory scored by young George Courtney over Frank Moody, who, only a week before laid low Young Marullo for the full count.

While the Catholic Big Sisters' fund was enriched to the tune of $77,000 from the big show held in the new Garden, May 17, the Holy Family Hospital bouts at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, June 3, drew only a small "gate" of $45,000. The net receipts of the former were in the neighborhood of $120,000. Promoter Edward J. Kenny, a newcomer in fistic circles, divided the small fortune between the New York and Brooklyn branches of the worthy cause. Humbert J. Fugazy, who handled the Brooklyn affair had to dig down in his jeans to make up a deficit. Fifty per cent of the "gate" went to the hospital and the bouts must have cost him around $25,000.

The 20,000 men and women that turned out for the Catholic bouts got more than their money's worth. They saw Ruby Goldstein knock out Tony Vaccarelli for the first time in the Harlem gamester's career; Bushey Graham outpoint Frankie Genaro, Jack Zivic hold Willie Harmon even, and Stanislaus Loayza and Phil McGraw battle ten furious rounds to another draw.

Jack Delaney made short work of Tommy Burns in the Brooklyn ball park. Referee Jim Crowley intervened in the middle of the second round to save Burns from a trip to dreamland. Tod Morgan successfully defended his junior lightweight laurels against Steve (Kid) Sullivan. After a furious mixup in the sixth heat Sullivan's manager threw in a towel in token of surrender. Most of the 20,000 spectators agreed that Sullivan's pilot acted too hastily. He explained his action by saying that Sullivan had a broken nose and a few more punches on it might have disfigured him for life.

Willus Britt, erstwhile matchmaker of the defunct Manhattan Sporting Club, is now guiding the destinies of Sid Burt, Bronx welter.

Frank Rosen is a diamond in the rough. The Harlem youngster celebrated his professional debut at the Commonwealth recently with a clean cut victory. He is a lightweight.

Eddie Burnbrook, Army welter, staged a successful comeback on May 24 by knocking out Willie Dillon, of Cuba, in five rounds at the Dexter Park Stadium. Dillon substituted for Georgie Levine. Eddie staggered his opponent repeatedly with jarring left hooks and crashing right handers from the opening stanza. Dillon was taking a fearful licking when the fight was stopped. On the same card Ray Miller, of Chicago, defeated Charley Goodman and Johnny Kochansky bested Bobby Burns.

Remember Al Delmont? He was one of the greatest bantams of all time. Fought Joe Bowker for the world's title fifteen years ago. Used to whip all the New York bantams in Boston. He could hit. Never took unnecessary punishment.

Al is now a matchmaker for a club in Mechanics Pavilion, Boston. He was in New York recently in quest of matches.

"Fighters today don't measure up to the oldtimers," Al was willing to be quoted. "We had to fight from the drop of the flag and we didn't get one-tenth of what the boys receive today. Fought 400 battles. Got my tin ear in a gymnasium."

Al has a young son in the ring. He is Al Delmont, Jr. "The kid doesn't take the game seriously," said Delmont. "I don't think he'll get very far."

Someone brought up the name of Benny Leonard. "Could Joe Gans have beaten Benny?" he was asked.

"Comparisons are odious," replied Delmont, "but if you insist on knowing I'm willing to be quoted that the Negro would have knocked out Leonard in three rounds. Gans was the greatest lightweight that ever laced on a pair of gloves. And don't forget the fact that he used to scale 133 pounds, ringside. That's more than Leonard ever did. I'm not taking anything away from Benny but he didn't meet half the great fighters Joe used to face. And also bear in mind that Joe's hands were tied in many of his fights!"

Billy Gibson may soon have another champion. We refer to the rejuvenated Carl Duane. Carl shocked local fistic circles by the manner in which he came from behind to make Joe Glick wish he had never met him. Glick got off to a flying start spearing Duane with left hooks but the Bronx Steam Roller refused to take a back step. As the fight progressed Carl was getting stronger. His terrific left hooks to the body made Joe wince with pain. Carl, we believe, has a good chance of beating Tod Morgan. The old boy is as good, if not better, than he ever was.

Talking about Dame Fortune we have no hesitancy in stating that she has been very unkind to little Dominick Petrone. The popular Harlemite wrenched his right shoulder at the end of the ninth round of his bout with Bushy Graham necessitating a layoff of six months or more. Dr. W. G. Fralick, noted bone setter, is taking care of the lad. Petrone was doing very well against the sharpshooting Graham. He was missing by an open gate but he had a chance every second he was in there. The lay off will do him a world of good.

Pal Moran has resurrected old Dan Morgan. The witty Irishman who managed Knockout Brown and former champion Jack Britton believes the Crescent City Italian had a few more good fights left in his system. While on Morgan we recall that it was he who gave Mickey Walker a chance at Britton's welter laurels. After Jack Bulger succumbed to a major operation it was expected Mickey would tie up with Dan. No such luck—for Danyell. Morgan would have steered Mickey on the right path, and it goes without saying he'd made twice as much money for him than has Perfumery Kearns.

Johnny Filucci, Frank Casale's thumping youngster, turned the tables on Scotty Williams recently. The new featherweight star from Harlem knocked the skids from under Scotty's legs in two rounds.

Lew Tendler isn't through by any means. The ancient Philadelphia southpaw thrilled a large crowd at Coney Island by annihilating Basil Galiano. Lew doesn't have to fight for a living but he just can't make his hands behave. Phil Glassman his manager is being flooded with offers. But Phil isn't stacking him up against the topnotchers as yet. Phil says Lew is "crazy to fight Joe Dundee because he thinks he can lick him." Another good boy in Phil's stable is Benny Bass. The latter finally got a shot in New York on June 17 when he fought Billy Kennedy in the new Garden.

Tommy Freeman outfought the veteran Paul Doyle on the same card. Doyle put up a great fight but Freeman's youth stood him in good stead. The least said about the Joe Dundee-Willie Harmon scrap—white paper costs too much money.

Charlie Rosen, east side lightweight, is in California and doing very nicely. A few nights later he took Roscoe Hall into camp in a ten round decision bout. Charley's fighting made a big impression on the Coast experts. He may hang around there for several months. He isn't in any hurry to return home. He likes the climate and makes friends easily.

Bayonne, N. J. boasts a good heavyweight in Harold Mays, who recently flattened Gordon Munce in six rounds. Mays is a terrific hitter.

Billy McCarney will be missing from his old haunts on Broadway for some little time. Last week the "professor" packed up his duds. His next stop was at Los Angeles. Charley Weinert accompanied him. Bill expects to get plenty of work for the Newark, N. J., Adonis out there. He has three or four matches pending. This is Bill's first trip to California since 1910 when he helped Tex Rickard "move" the Jeffries-Johnson debacle from San Francisco to Reno. McCarney hasn't had any breaks at home since the night Harry Wills made short work of Weinert. Weinert got $25,000 for his end. It goes without saying that McCarney will make the boys sit up when he goes to work on them with his inimitable chatter. If he sees any money in sight out there he may make his stay indefinite.

Old Jess McMahon believes in hard work. He can be found every day in his two-by-one office making matches for Tex Rickard. We happened on him last Sunday afternoon. He was being entertained by Johnny Keyes, lord mayor of Chinatown. The mayor was in great form, including his bay window.

Jess likes to talk with the boys. He plays no favorites. Show him the goods and he's the first to shove the papers under your nose. He says he is ging to make lots of money for Texy this summer.

McMahon and sleep are friendly enemies. He is to be found in Tin Ear Alley all hours of the night listening to the boys rapping any and everybody for no good reason. Like the wise old owl, Jess says little but thinks a lot. That's why he is successful.

Can't fool McMahon on the palukas. He knows the trick fighters by their first handles, when and where they were born, their nationalities and what not. He was the man who gave Tiger Flowers his first opportunity to show in New York, and the Tiger is willing to jump through a keyhole for him. Jess says Flowers is a fighting champ. He'll give Harry Greb a return match very shortly. Jess should know what he's talking about.

The New York armories are making a world of money. The cold weather and rain which played havoc with the outdoor arenas helped them.

Bill Duffy is willing to put up $10,000 to go as a side bet that Andy Divodi can whip Ruby Goldstein. "I tell you Goldstein is afraid of Andy," writes Duffy. "I approached Ruby's manager the other day and told him he could have the house, with my cabaret thrown in for good measure, if he'd sign to fight Divodi. I told him the Coney Island Stadium people were anxious to stage the match, and with the 23,000 seating capacity the 'gate' would be tremendous. I talked to him like a father would to his son, but Ruby's manager said 'no'."

The Clermont Rink in Brooklyn was put on the auction block. The famous old arena has been a white elephant for many years. It was in that ring several years ago that Mike O'Dowd dethroned Al McCoy as boss of the middleweight division. Some of the greatest fighters in history strutted their stuff there.

At a recent meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission the following resolution was adopted: "All matchmakers representing clubs in Greater New York who contract for and use boxers on the cards of the clubs they represent and who are members of the organization are urged to solicit memberships ot such boxers in the National Sports Alliance."

Two shows were held for the relief fund of the Alliance. A good return was made by both.

Hagan Hassan, former wrestler, who is said to be forty years old, had a narrow escape from death. After being knocked out by the giant Gordon Munce, Tex O'Rourke's heavyweight was forced to lay in bed in a hospital for a few days.

MONTREAL NOTES

By EMMELL

Leo "Kid" Roy is a great fighter. For two years Roy was being primed for a shot at the featherweight title, and finally when he did meet the champion of the division, Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Leo was flattened in seven rounds. Kaplan's title was not at stake as the men agreed to box at 130 pounds, a very bad weight for Roy, for at over 128 he is slow and sluggish.

It is a good thing for Roy that he is not bothered with an inferiority complex. On January 20th, 1925 at Madison Square Garden, Leo met Danny Kramer and was knocked out in seven rounds. Did he lose heart? We'll say he did not. He hied himself to the gym and got into shape for a strenuous campaign which led to a return match with his conqueror. The result is now history. Roy and Kramer have met four times since Kramer scored his kayo. Leo won once on a foul in the first round, two bouts he won by decisions and recently attained sweet revenge by scoring a knokout over his rival in eight rounds

Jimmy Smith of Brockton, Mass. Jimmy is one of the best lightweights in New England. He is both clever and carries a good wallop.

before a home crowd at the Philadelphia Ice Palace.

He also has defeated Bobby Garcia, Ed. Mascart, Walter Price, and knocked out Petey Mack and Johnny Harko among others. To prove that the Kaplan loss meant nothing to him, Leo won over Spencer Gardner and Danny Kramer in quick succession.

Episode 4 of the serial "When 'Battling' Sandrelli meets Raymond Lirzin," was enacted in one of the preliminaries to the Jack Delaney-Martin O'Grady tussle at the Forum. Lirzin demonstrated beyond doubt that he was Sandy's master. This pair enjoy the distinction of having the Montreal Boxing Commission change the decision of the judges on two occasions. The first time they met, Sandy was declared the winner only to have the Commissioners switch the decision. He also was given the verdict in their second bout, and again the boxing moguls changed the award, this time to a draw. Raymond won the third bout by a spectacular rally in the closing rounds.

In another bout Clevis "Kid" Durand took a pasting from Midget Lavigne of Burlington, Vt. Durand has never been the same fighter he was when he decisively whipped Wee Willie Woods at the Monument National, about a year and a half ago. Durand worked like a champ that night. He was rushed too fast, for in his next bout he was pitted against a clever and experienced opponent in "Corporal" Izzy Schwartz of New York, who smeared Durand all over.

In the main feature of the evening, Jack Delaney, who used to be known as Ovila Chapdellaine in the little town of St. Francis, near Montreal, took on a gent by the name of Martin O'Grady who hails from California. Delaney carried O'Grady along for seven rounds and then knocked him out.

The other feature between Leo Roy and Spencer Gardner was too one-sided to make it interesting. As one wit in the "buck-ten" seats announced, "Batteries for today, Roy pitching, Gardner catching."

The Roy-Kaplan match drew over $23,000, while the Delaney show drew about half that amount.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

Sid Kelly, Milwaukee's flyweight contender and Harry Soo Quong Bill, Chinese flyweight from the Pacific Coast, went eight fast rounds to a draw at Des Moines, Iowa.

Glen Lage, Iowa, welterweight flash, and Royal Coffman of Omaha, fought a ten round draw in the main event for the American Legion at Marshalltown, Iowa.

"Warhorse" McClurg, Marshalltown, knocked out Al Schumock of Oelwein in the second round of their eight round bout.

Jack Akins, Marshalltown, outpointed "Dandy" Miller, Ames, Iowa, in a fast six round bout.

Jimmy Cashill, who has made such good hits in local rings, traveled to St. Joseph, Mo., and easily beat Roy Sutherland of San Francisco in ten rounds.

Sid Kelly, Milwaukee, gave Sammy Sacco, Sioux City, flyweight, a neat boxing lesson at Abe Martin's show at Mason City, in eight rounds.

Jimmy Ryan, Iowa lightweight champion, has signed to meet Harry Kahn, Wisconsin lightweight champion, at Green Bay, Wis., in a ten round main event next month.

Simon Kalis, boxing promotor at St. Joseph, Mo., was in Des Moines and signed Jimmy Ryan to headline his first open air show at St. Joseph.

W. C. Pollard, promotor at Des Moines, Iowa, has leased the Western League ball park and will stage some high class open air shows this summer.

Open air shows are being held at Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Marshalltown, Des Moines and Sioux City and are drawing capacity crowds.

Lefty Mays knocked out Leo Genet of Barberton, Ohio, in the seventh round of their eight round bout at Des Moines, Iowa.

Pinkey George, Iowa flyweight champion, has signed for three important bouts this coming month.

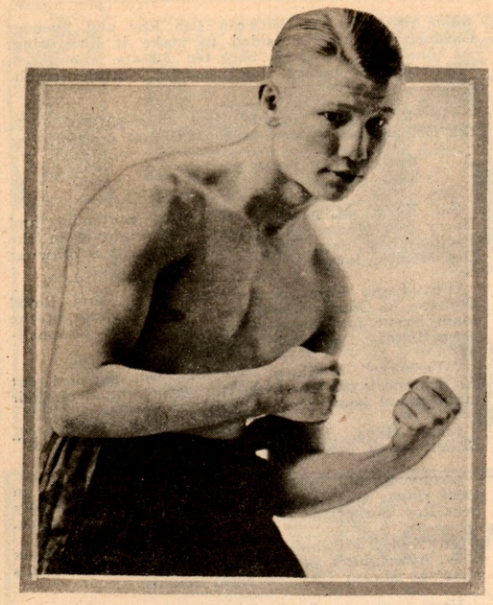
THE FOREIGN INVASION

By RAY I. HOPPMAN

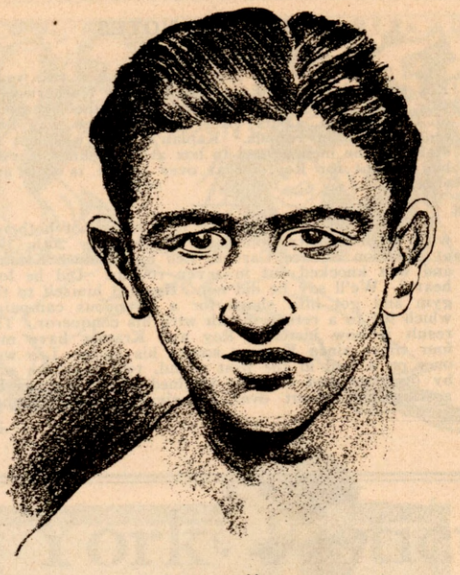
HE couldn't fight worth sour apples
And a vacuum was his head—
He was clumsy, crude and awkward
And as open as a bed.
But for fifty thousand berries
They induced the bird to fight—
He came from Madagascar
And that made the thing all right.

GUNGA SIBLA was a lemon,
Never donned the gloves before—
He heard of fattened purses
And came over with a roar.
They paid him eighty thousand
For a burlesque of a fray—
What if he was a lemon,
Didn't he come from Mandalay?

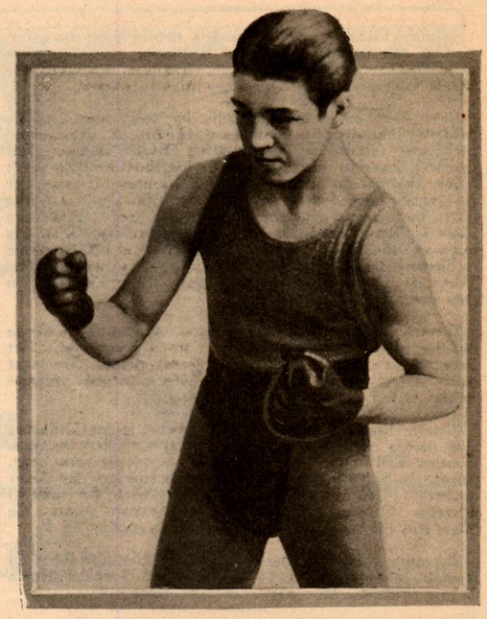
IT makes a lot of difference
If they come from Timbuctoo.
China, Egypt, France or Norway,
Greenland, Turkey or Peru.
If he is an alligator
With a name four miles square
Though our poorest seventh rater
Could whip half a dozen pair.
He can dip into the dough bag
Take a big slice and depart—
Why is it, I ask, dear readers,
From the bottom of my heart?



Bud Taylor, of Terre Haute, who is planning an active campaign in Chicago.



RAY MILLER A CRACK CHICAGO FEATHER WHO MAY RATE HIMSELF WITH CHI'S GREAT LITTLE FELLOWS OF THE PAST



Sammy Mandell, who it is expected will be the next lightweight champion.

RESIN DUST FROM ERIE

By LESTER E. DENNING

Battling J. D. took Mike Conroy's measure in a great heavyweight bout at the Majestic A. C. J. D. is mighty fast for a big fellow and gave Conroy all the fight he wanted. In the semi-final, Rocky Scott, Rochester featherweight, stopped Sammy Hanson in the fourth round. Max Strub took Sam Parcelli in the second bout on the card and never even had to extend himself. This Strub looks like a comer.

In the greatest battle seen at the Erie Arena in years, Dick Conlon beat Joe Trippe all the way. What a pair of fighters they are! There wasn't one idle moment in the whole figth. Trippe is as tough as they make 'em.

The semi-final was chuck full of action. Rocky Scott showed Jimmy Scott, Billy Purdy's dusky warrior. Rocky scored a knockdown in the first round but he certainly had to show his stuff to get that decision.

Max Strub gave Whitey Stevenson a lesson in the are of self-defense in the preliminary.

The feature of the last of the May shows was the Johnny Carey-K.O. Yutzey bout. Carey took every round with the possible exception of one. Yutzey is a willing mixer and tough, but Carey proved his superiority at every angle.

Stanley Smith of Buffalo knocked out Leonard Kauff in the first round of the semi-final. Johnny Redell stopped Sammy Lacatto in the third round of the second bout. Pete Harmon added another knockout to his string when he bowled over Carl Le Marco in the third.

Johnny Carey journeyed over to Jamestown, N. Y., early in May and earned a draw with Chubby Brown. It was a fast and furiously fought battle and Carey made a wonderful impression with the Jamestown boys.

The next show will probably see the opening of the outdoor Arena and Promoter John Koech and Matchmaker Tommy Maxwell are planning some great cards for the summer. The Majestic A. C., under their guidance, has been giving the Erie fans the best fights that they have ever seen.

HEARD IN CALIFORNIA

Billy Alger, called the "Iron Man" of Arizona, bumped into a tartar when he met Jack Sparr at the Hollywood Legion. Sparr gave Alger a fine trimming in ten rounds and now the San Francisco promoters are wondering what kind of a fighter Sparr is. The latter has held Tommy O'Brien even, lost a close decision to Sammy Mandell, and has beaten a dozen good boys around Los Angeles the past year.

Phil Salvadore has hit the down grade. Phil tried to outguess Jack Silver in a ten round bout at San Francisco and got the short end of the verdict.

The California Boxing Commission has hired a detective to find out whether John Lester Johnson, colored heavyweight, quit or was fouled when he fought Tony Fuente at Vernon recently. The charges were brought by Louis Almgren, one of the commissioners, the result of a row in the commission fold. Other charges filed by Mr. Almgren fell flat.

Mushy Callahan won from Jimmy Goodrich in their second meeting and there was no question about the decision being right. Mushy called off his New York bout in order to take the Goodrich match. Now there is renewed talk of matching Mushy with Pinky Mitchell for the Junior welterweight title.

Danny Ross, a Coney Island welterweight, is to make a come-back and visit the coast. He is under the management of George Engel, former manager of Harry Greb, and is considered a pretty fair boxer.

Bud Taylor is booked for another trip to the coast after his fight with Charley Rosenberg for the title. California fans are expecting to have Bud come back as champion this time.

Jack Russell, one of the oldest managers in the state, has been reinstated by the commission. Jack was suspended for alleged violation of the rules when he argued with one of the inspectors. Jack manages Johnny Lamar and has now secured Billy Grimes, the Australian featherweight champion, for a tour of this country. Grimes is a classy boy according to al lreports and should make a name for himself here.

Ace Hudkins has picked out a hard baby to beat when he visits New York. Ace is to meet Ruby Goldstein, one of the best lads in the east in the 135 pound class. George Hussey, who trains Hudkins, wanted Brother Clyde to shift the match, but it was too late as they had already closed for Goldstein. Hussey knows the game and knew enough to steer the Nebraska lad away from dynamite.

Since Eddie Shea, Chicago featherweight, defeated Johnny Farr in Los Angeles, the fans of the coast are sure he can beat any feather in the world, Kid Kaplan included. Joey Sanger, of Milwaukee, is being mentioned as a probable opponent for Shea in another match out here.

Ray Alvis, manager of Eddie Shea, was kicking himself after the battle with Johnny Farr at the Olympic club. The bout drew just $9,200 and Alvis felt certain it would nave drawn over $25,000 in Cleveland where promoters had been bidding for it. It was one time that Alvis booted the ball.

Kid Pence, the nifty little bantam in George Burns' stable at San Pedro, may soon make a trip to Chicago and Milwaukee where he has been offered matches with some of the best 118 pounders. Pence is a clever two handed fighter and a pleasing one.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

Although the weather in this section is remarkably cold for this time of the year, so cold in fact that to stage an outdoor show is more or less a gamble, the Suffolk A. C., with energetic Tom Goodwin at the helm, proposes to open the New England outdoor boxing season this month with the local welterweight sensation Al Mello of Lowell, one of the greatest cards in this section, meeting Jack Zivic, who is rated high among the country's best welters and without a doubt the best opponent Mello has met in his career of 20 professional bouts.

The Cycle A. C., with Bob Kirby in charge, intend to stage outdoor shows at the Cycle track in Revere Beach, Mass., about an hour's run from Boston. Tiger Flowers, Young Stribling, and Babe Herman are some of the stars booked to appear for this organization.

The scarcity of suitable locations to stage outdoor boxing shows is a handicap that New England promoters have to contend with.

The Queensboro A. C. Boston's newest fistic club with Polly Snyder in the role of matchmaker, is trying to tie up a Jack Delaney-Jock Malone bout for Bostonians this month and if he is successful his club will surely have an auspicious opening as both boxers are great drawing cards in this section.

Kelley and Hayes Gym, Jim Toland's Gym and Marty Fitzpatrick's Gym, all in Boston, are the mecca of legions of local and out of town mittmen, all eager to get in shape to cash in on some of the worthwhile purses to be gathered exhibiting their wares in the outdoor bouts to be staged hereabouts.

Hambone Kelley, he of the mighty sock, is once again in strict training for bouts booked for him. Kelley, who should be one of the boxing game's stars but who, in the past failed to take his work seriously, meets tough Pal Reed in a ten round bout at the Suffolk A. A. this month.

His pal, Jim Maloney, is working hard to round into condition to accept some of the offers made for his services by local promoters.

John Scully and his brother Jimmy recently showed at Portland and both boys made a very good impression. They are one of the few brother teams in fistic circles in this section. They are both ably managed by Fred Wiederhold.

Jack Sharkey, New England heavy champ and one of the best big fellows in the fistic game, is training daily and is ready at a moment's notice to step through the ropes and meet the best in his class.

Little Sammy Fuller, the pride of Boston's Little Italy, who recently gave Crick Suggs a torrid battle, is another who is in strict training and is ready at a moment's notice to display his wares.

Harry Goldstein, New England flyweight champion, recently bested Dark Cloud Bradley in the feature bout of the Arena A. C., Boston. Goldstein is one of the best little fellows developed in this section in many a day. His success is due to the clever handling of Jim Toland.

Tony Mandell, the "Worcester Firecracker," one of the greatest bantams ever developed in the heart of Mass., has compiled an enviable record of wins in his appearances throughout this section and right now is being talked of as an opponent for Fidel La Barba in a bout to be staged at Braves Field, Boston. Mike Criss is the able pilot of this clever kid.

Tommy Nee, the pride of South Boston, who has been working out daily for the past month, has tossed his chapeau in the ring, and now feels ready to meet the best in his class. He will exhibit his wares against the best boy available here this month.

On the whole, New England boxers now in action in this section seem able to cope with mittmen from any other section of the country, and visiting boxers will soon find this fact out for themselves when they step inside the hemp with the local lads.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Art Weigand, Buffalo boy, gave Harry Greb, former middleweight champion of the world, a hard battle here on June 1 at the Broadway Auditorium and while Greb won the verdict Harry knew he had been in a fight. In fact Weigand gave Greb more trouble than anyone I have ever seen in the ring with the fast Pittsburgher. Weigand had the fight

won in the early rounds but Greb found himself in the fifth round and then forged ahead and won out on points. Even in the last round, the tenth, Weigand was walking in, forcing the fight and never showed any fear of Greb's international reputation. Greb is still a great fighter and if he can make 160 pounds for Flowers (he weighed 168 for Weigand), Harry may yet win back his lost laurels.

Charlie Murray, the Queensberry matchmaker, was disappointed with the house which did not measure up to expectations. When Greb boxed Jimmy Slattery here two years ago he drew around $18,000. The Weigand-Greb fight drew about $7,500.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantam title contender, gave Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, a whale of a battle at Louisville in the 12 round windup of the Derby Eve boxing show, May 14. Ryan and Taylor boxed a no-decision bout but there were just as many who thought Ryan won as others did Taylor. Indianapolis signed Ryan up immediatcly to box Merle Alte, local boxer, on the eve of the auto races, May 31. Ryan went to Indianapolis and allowed Alte to come in at 124 pounds and Tommy won on points.

Ryan is to box Bushey Graham at Utica on June 14. This will be a great attraction for that town and the bout will be staged outdoors in the Utica Stadium, which seats 10,000.

Frankie Schoell made a punching bag out of Jimmy Kelly at the Velodrome Club's show, May 14. Schoell, boxing like a champion, never gave Kelly a chance to do anything. He just kept pumping that fast left into Kelly's face and then hit him with the right hand whenever he wanted to. A great boxer is this boy, Schoell.

Jimmy Slattery is home from a nine weeks' trip to Europe. Jimmy has not pulled on a glove since he dropped the decision to Young Stribling but it is expected that he will start training soon for a match with Eddie Huffman in New York.

Art Weigand, local light-heavyweight, is also keen to box Slattery in a bout here.

Johnny Sacco made it three out of four from Ray Romney, Niagara Falls lightweight, when he defeated Romney on the Velodrome card, May 14.

Jimmy Mack, former manager of boxers here, is now training the Buffalo baseball club. A good man for the job and one who understands training an athlete.

Jimmy Goodrich is back from the Coast where he lost a decision to Mushey Callahan at Los Angeles. Jimmy may box in New York in June.

Rocky Kansas has decided to risk his lightweight title in a bout with Sammy Mandell at Chicago. If Mandell is in real shape he should win the title but Kansas, who can still go a fast ten rounds, may fool 'em. The sharpshooters are always picking Kansas as a back number but he continues to go on and win, especially in important matches. He defeated Jimmy Goodrich here last winter and showed very good form in a 15 round bout.

Sid Terris gets first chance at Kansas in New York state if Kansas ever boxes here again. The lightning-like Sid would probably outpoint Rocky, if he gets a crack at him.

Frank Erne, former lightweight champion of the world, was a visitor in his home town last week. Erne was perhaps the greatest fighter Buffalo ever produced. He is going to Europe for a pleasure trip soon. Erne looked the picture of health.

Willie Cunningham, Cold Spring featherweight, did a come-back last week, after a long illness. Willie knocked out Sam Mecca in the first round.

Art Wander, Charlie Thompson, Lou Palmer, Charlie Pinto, Dave Schwartz and others are doing good work in the ring. They are all crowd pleasers.

Jack Singer wants to match his heavyweight, Tony Stabeneau, with the best of the big fellows. Stabeneau recently boxed a draw with Bud Gorman at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND HOOKS AND CROSSES

By MAXIE LEWIS

Tommy Freeman, Cleveland's adopted son, helped close a profitable indoor season when he won Patsy Haley's decision over Joe Simonich "The Butte Assassin," at Public Auditorium, May 19th. When the Butte fight bugs nicknamed Joe "The Assassin," they didn't make any error for Simonich tore into Tommy from the opening to the final gong. Freeman was making his first appearance since winning by a knockout over the sensational "Shuffle" Callahan, a couple of months ago.

Billy Wallace, the California youngster who made a home for himself here when he knocked out Maxie Holub in convincing style, recently won rather easily over Harry "Kid" Brown in ten rounds at the Taylor Bowl. Brown subbed for Eddie "Kid" Wagner. We wonder how Billy would have fared against Wagner?

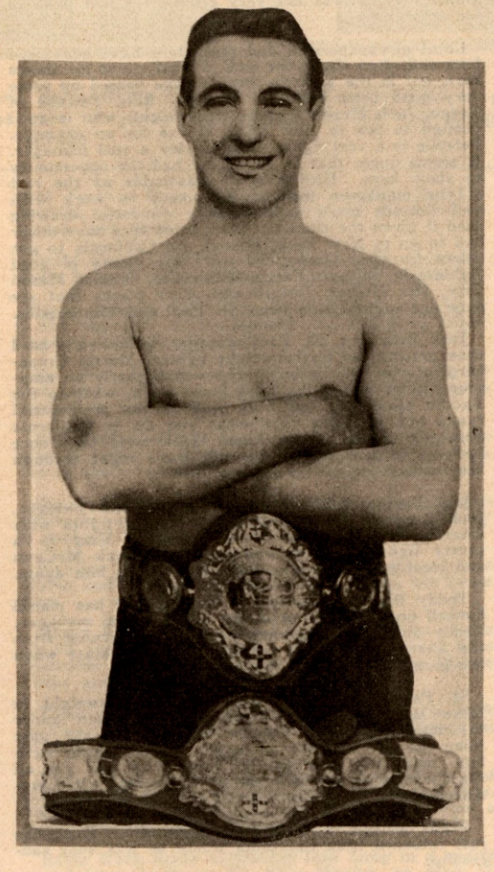
Harry Wills and Jeff Clarke clowned through six rounds of an exhibition bout. The consensus of opinion was that Dempsey would "take" the big negro in a couple of rounds.

Benny Ray, who trains the Rosenblums, World Champion Basketball team, also has a couple of promising leather-pushers in Harry Marcus, featherweight, and Phil Goldstein, bantam. If Harry would only develop a good left jab, he would make it mighty hard for the boys in his division. Philly is a fast, clever boy, who can punch with either hand. Being strictly a counter puncher, saves the Western Reserve student a lot of punishment.

Tommy McGinty and Matt Hinkel, the genial promoters of the Olympic Arena Club, inaugurated the outdoor fistic season with a pretentious program featuring Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, bantam champion, in a ten round bout with Willie Ames, the Rubber City Italian. Charley won by a decision but could have won by a knockout in the fifth round had he not been over anxious. In that hectic session Willie went down from a volley of rights and only managed to arise after a superhuman effort.

The Vincent Street Mob is loud in its praise of Jimmy Trannette, Walter Taylor's clever junior lightweight, who keeps on winning bouts. Jimmy's latest feat was to score an easy K.O. victory over Dick Mette of Youngstown. Trannette and Maxie Holub of Akron are to meet in a local or an Akron ring shortly.

When Babe Herman K.O.'d Johnny Datto in eleven rounds, last winter, the wise boys figured that the Filipino was through, but they were doomed to disappointment. Johnny went right out and held the



Harry Collins, welter and middleweight Champion of Australia

highly touted Chick Suggs to a draw, and followed up with a two round Kayo over Frankie Bob at Toledo.

After engaging in one of the hottest battles ever seen in Youngstown, Benny Gershe of this City and Jimmie Mendo of Philadelphia resumed hostilities. Opinions differed as to the winner of the first encounter, but in their Decoration Day bout, the Quakerite proved his superiority by winning handily. Benny claimed he hurt his hand in one of the early rounds. Al Zill promoted the show for the benefit of the Police Fund, and counted over ten thousand paid admissions.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland's Rubber Man, will figure in a couple of bouts before the home folks this summer. Danny Dunn's "shock absorber" may meet King Solomon or Jack Sharkey at the Olympic Arena, July 5th. In the meantime Johnny has offers from New York City, Philly and Barren Islands.

Steve Nugent, bantam stablemate of Risko, won a couple of decisions over Midget Mike O'Dowd of Columbus, and also copped the duke over Frankie Van. As a test for Steve an enterprising promoter should match Nugent with Larry Goldberg of Brooklyn. Goldberg will be remembered for his victory over Gaston Charles, Benny Ray's Frenchman, a couple of years ago. Larry has drawn verdicts with Carl Tremaine, Pete Sarmiento, Bushy Graham, and wins over Joe Lynch, Midget Smith, Tiger Burns and scores of other good boys.

It is being whispered around Vincent Street that Lawrence Lupu, the astute manager of Datto, Mendo and others, has purchased Charlie O'Connell's contract from Leo P. Flynn. Charlie is a good lightweight and is far from through. The only thing is that he does not work as often as he should. His last bout was on March 17th, when he held Tod Morgan, the 130 pound champ to a ten round draw. And of course "Parson" McGinty is in.

Al Corbett, whom Jerry Sachs styles the featherweight champion of Europe, by virtue of a victory over the Frenchman, Edouard Mascart, is back in shape again and according to Jerry, rarin' to go. After Benny Bass sent Corbett to the cleaners in one round at the Hall last winter, Al developed appendicitis and was under a doctor's care for several weeks.

Willie Davies, the sensational Charleroi flyweight, and "Corporal" Izzy Schwartz of New York are slated for an early shot at one of the open-air clubs this summer. Davies is well known to Fifth City fans and the "Corporal" is one of the best performers around the New York clubs, having won over Ernie Jarvis, Willie Lamorte, Joey Ross, Clever Sencio, Young Dencio, Black Bill, Charlie Ray, Johnny Hamm and scores of others. This should be a corking battle with the New Yorker winning.

KIRRA, AUSTRALIA NOTES

By R. A. CUMES

Midget Kilburn, an American, outpointed Gavino De Leon at the Sydney Stadium, May 1st. It was Kilburn's first appearance here and he impressed everyone. It was a strenuously contested bout. Kilburn is a tough little boxer who can hit with both hands and he came out a good winner on points.

Buddy Saunders, who hails from Panama, defeated Jack Cameron on a foul in the thirteenth round here. Like Kilburn, Saunders was making his first appearance before an Australian audience.

Sunny Jim Williams outpointed Tiger Payne after 20 rounds of battling at the local stadium. Both men are negroes and hail from the United States.

Both Len Johnson and Sunny Jim Williams have scored points over the Tiger, although the Williams-Payne fight was not up to expectations. Williams, who is a clever defensive boxer, relied mainly on this department to pile up the points. Although Williams won 15 out of the 20 rounds, his manner of winning was not impressive and was not appreciated by the crowd in the galleries. More than once the referee was called on to "make 'em fight."

IN ROCHESTER AND LOCALITY

By ROCKY CONTI

Joe Trippe, Western New York lightweight sensation, made a big hit up in Erie, Pa. on May 21st when he met Dick Conlon of Altoona, Pa. in the main event of ten rounds. Trippe will meet Paris Cange of New Castle, Pa. at baseball park on June 14th.

Fighting Phil Verdi surprised the local fans when he defeated Art Wander of Buffalo in a ten round bout. Phil was in an auto accident the morning of the bout but went on and easily defeated Wander.

Matchmaker Jake Carey, of the Genesee Valley A. C., ran his first open air show at Base Ball Park on June 14, with an all star card headed by Paul Moran, Charlie O'Connell of Cleveland, Joe Trippe, local lightweight sensation, and Paris Conge, one of Jimmy Dime's lightweight contenders.

Mike Marcells, one of the best looking bantamweight contenders in this part of the state is making a big name for himself. In his last three bouts he defeated Wee Willie Woods of Scotland, Al Paul and Kid Vick of Buffalo, and recently stopped Hughie Mansion of Pittsburgh.

Osk Till, local middleweight champion is sure drawing them in at Jamestown, N. Y. He boxes there every other week. He is to meet Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo there on July 4th.

Paul Bernola, former lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy who has met the best boys in his class around this section might have a place on the next show with one K.O. Chappie of Utica, N. Y.

Joe Conti, who for many years was Rochester's leading bantam, is now managing Paul Bernola, lightweight, Johnny Gorin, welter, Jack Di Neri, feather and Henry Sidoti a flyweight. Joe has his boys working daily at the Bill Nick A. C.

Ralph Miles, the Wolcott High School boy who has been fighting in great form, recently made a hit at Jamestown when he knocked out Mickey Dillion of Erie, Pa., in two rounds. He will probably meet some good boy on June 14th, the first open air show.

Joe Manuel, local feather, will soon meet Jimmy Trannant of Cleveland, at Syracuse, N. Y. Joey has been on a vacation for the last few months but Elmer Wiedrick expects to keep him busy in the future.

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NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENDRICKS, JR.

Frankie Bob, of Dayton, proved an easy victim for the terrific punches of Johnny Datto, the rugged little Filipino. After being floored several times and taking much severe punishment Bob was sent to dreamland near the close of the second round.

Chuck Feldman, of Toledo, won from Ralph McNaughton, of Quebec, Canada, in the eighth round semi-final.

Jack Duffey, of Toledo, clearly outpointed Willie Ames, of Akron, in twelve rounds here. Duffey boxed with his usual speed and cleverness and won all the way.

Tony Ross, of Monroe, Mich., shaded Tommy Ryan, of Toledo, in the semi-final of eight rounds which were filled with action.

The local promoters have been staging shows here at popular prices and have the game on a better paying basis than it has ever been before. The Toledo Athletic Club, of which Lee Corns is president and Joe Dailey is matchmaker, are alternating with the Shea Bros. A. C. in promoting weekly shows at the Armory.

Jimmy Jones, of Youngstown, Ohio, and Jimmy Finley, of Louisville, Ky., were scheduled for twelve rounds here on May 12, but after eight rounds of rather indifferent mauling Referee Pecord stopped the bout. The local commissioners decided that neither boxer would receive any money and Jones was suspended for one year.

Lew Tendler, veteran Philadelphian, can still throw a mean glove. He demonstrated this against Don Boyer, Toledo's slugging welterweight. Tendler had far too much experience for the Toledo lad. He outclassed him in all but the first round which went to Boyer. The latter was unable to leave his corner for the seventh round.

Ted Easterbrook, of Niles, Ohio, won by a slight shade from Joe O'Malley, of Columbus, Ohio, in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Al. Wolgast has been going great guns of late, his latest victim being Tony Larose, of Cincinnati, whom he defeated in ten rounds at Fort Harrison, Indiana, on May 25. Wolgast finds it difficult to scale 138 pounds any more and from now on he will mingle with the junior welters.

Jimmy Mendo, of Philadelphia, won decisively from Joe Lucas, of Detroit, in a twelve round bout here on May 26.

Chuck Feldman beat Tony Ross in the eight round semi-final.

IN MINNESOTA

By MURRAY McLEAN

St. Paul and Minneapolis have new boxing promoters. John J. Lane, who has had a wide experience in the amusement game is the new owner of the St. Paul Club. Lane at present is conducting a large dance hall, the largest in this part of the country, and it is the opinion of many that he will be a first class promoter as he has had success with almost everything he has turned his hand to.

He is well known and well liked and believes that he can give the fans shows in a big way. It is his intention to bring the big stars to St. Paul without having some of the dissatisfactory performances that we have had in the past. He will start right in and line up a big outdoor show at Lexington Baseball Park.

Lane has engaged George "Jerk" Doran as matchmaker. Doran has left for the east to line up matches. He intends to book Pete Latzo. Doran is very well known here and although this is his first job as a matchmaker, he has had lots of experience in the boxing game and he should make a good matchmaker.

The new St. Paul promoters have a new idea as to the pass evil. They intend to have a "moochers' section" and if the pass hounds must have passes they will get them but they will be compelled to sit in the moochers section which will have large signs showing who got in free. Doran says that if they can sit in this section and enjoy a show they will earn their pass.

J. E. McCarthy, who was part owner of the St. Paul and Minneapolis clubs for some time past, is the new promoter in Minneapolis. He has selected Billy Hoke for his matchmaker although Mr. Hoke will have an interest in the club as well. Hoke has been matchmaker for the Minneapolis club at least five times in the past and has always been a good matchmaker. Hoke has been a matchmaker and promoter in boxing and wrestling in Minneapolis for a great number of years and being successful in the past, it is almost a certainty that he will again be able to operate successfully. In a short time Minneapolis will have an auditorium to equal the one now in St. Paul and then he will be able to bid for the services of the star boxers of the country.

George Blum, promoter at Chippewa Falls, Wis., has matched Billy Light, new St. Paul lightweight sensation and Ivan Blaettler of Marshfield for his next main event. Blaettler has been mixing with all of the lightweights in Wisconsin with varied success for some years while Light has been coming along like a house on fire, winning over half of his fights by the kayo route. He has been offered fights with Joe Azzerello at Oshkosh and with Jack Ennis at Rhinelander but his managers figure that he is not quite ready for these boys.

Jack Tierney has been keeping most of his boxers quite busy of late in Iowa and Wisconsin rings, most of them being quite popular in Des Moines. He has Soldier De Rose boxing Billy La Mont at Rhinelander, Stub Kennedy at Des Moines and Eddie Nemo at Duluth. Tierney is a fine fellow and a hard worker for his boxers.

Ham Schilling of Chicago, who handles a number of St. Paul boxers, is kept busy hopping from town to town taking care of them. He has Johnny Nichols booked to fight Jimmie Finley; Jimmie Cashill fighting Roy Sutherland of Denver at St. Joseph; Paul Milnar fighting Harry Soo Quong Bill at Des Moines and his colored star, Roy Williams, clashing with Frank Kral at Mason City.

Henry Ribanack, Duluth member of the Minnesota State Boxing Commission, died May 15 at his home. He was appointed a member of the commission in 1915 when boxing became legal in the state and was a very good commissioner when there was boxing at Duluth, which was not very often. He had been ill for some time.

Local newspapermen and promoters have squawked long and often about the lack of local talent for shows here, but in the writer's opinion have passed up some very good boys who live nearby. Billy Petrolle of Fargo, Jack Hurley's crack lightweight, who is good enough to box in New York, is one for an example. Petrolle is a real fighter and Hurley a real manager. It seems queer that he has never had the opportunity to show here. Hurley is as reasonable as the rest of the managers for the promoters to work with and Petrolle could have been a wonderful drawing card if given the chance. Local promoters have never had to go to New York, Boston and California to get talent for their shows, for there are plenty of good fighters in Chicago, Fargo, Milwaukee, Omaha, Mason City, Des Moines, Duluth and other places that are only one night's ride from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Jack Brouwers, St. Paul manager, is having a hard time getting his featherweight fighter, Morrie Gransberg, started. Gransberg, who was formerly an amateur fighter in St. Paul, his home town, went to the Pacific coast and did very well in the professional ranks but it seems that what you do in California does not count around here. Jack says that once he gets Morrie started he will wade right through the featherweights hereabouts.

Jack Peppin of Winnipeg has his light-heavyweight, Jack King of Minneapolis preparing for fights with Charlie Belanger and Paul Lahaye. King is a pretty fighter who showed here with Jack McCann and local promoters would do well to use him again.

Teddy Blatt has moved to Chicago and has placed himself under the management of a Chicago manager. Teddy did not go so well here after returning from the East but hopes to get off to a good start when the game opens up in the Windy City.

St. Paul has a likely looking lightheavyweight in Mike Mandell, who has just placed himself under the management of George Temple. In the past Mike did not advance as rapidly as he should have but under the direction of Temple he will get all the chance that he needs and if he does not get somewhere it will be his own fault.

Frank Muskie, a lightheavyweight of St. Paul, has just returned from California where he was very successful.

Wildcat Eddie Mason has been spending the past month resting up from a strenuous few months in the Chicago district where he had eleven fights without losing a decision. Among the boys he met while away from home are Joe Medill, Essie Ray, Babe Ridley, Austen Davis and Danny Gordon. He has resumed training again and will soon be ready for any of the featherweights. Although only a youngster Mason has had had fifty-nine fights and has never been stopped and is rapidly earning quite a reputation in Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin rings as a regular battler.

Duluth had a show recently, the first in many moons and Sammy Leonard shaded Steve Adams in the main bout. Duluth in the days when Ray Carnes was the promoter was quite a fight town but the present promoter, Ray Hughes, runs fights so seldom that there is very little interest.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Detroit, like many other cities, is beginning to show a sign of slowing up, but there have been some very good shows from a fight standpoint. The last one was featured by a double windup in which Pete Firpo showed himself as a comer by holding Rosen to a close decision.

In the other half of the double windup, Lee Hardy hit Tommy Noble with everything but the ring post and the referee should have called it enough long before the towel was thrown up in the eighth stanza. Noble was no match for Hardy, who hit hard and often.

Al Myers, local featherweight, again showed that he is to be reckoned with when he journeyed to Battle Creek and stopped Kid Buck in six rounds. Myers had Buck on the floor six times and then knocked him out. The result surprised many as Buck, in a comeback, held Bud Taylor to a draw, and Myers was not conceded much chance.

Charley Moore has a stable of very promising youngsters. Among them is Lee Hardy. All his boys get plenty of work. Charley is a hustler, as well as a regular fellow. Moore originally hails from Flatbush where he is better known as Bull Anderson.

Dave Knight has a few good boys. Len Darcy is the star of his stable. He is a very good middleweight. Bobby Sowash, Johnny Webber and Jimmy Robe are also with Knight.

John Quell, Grand Rapids, made good with fans in putting on his first show in Detroit. It was a hummer. He played to a good house. John made himself a litle money and everyone was pleased.

Mexican Joe Lynch is now a rubber at the Grand River A. C. He is a striking resemblance to old Darky Griffith.

Jimmy Brady looks as young as ever and seems just as fast. He beat Mel Jorgensen in his last start. This was a fast bout.

Referee Elmer McClelland is in charge of all the big shows here. Elmer is one of the few referees that is liked by all. He gives every boy an even break. I would not be surprised to see him figure in some of the championship matches in the near future. It is also hard to say if there is a better referee in the game in the West today.

Harry Tuthill is still in charge of the Grand River A. C. Harry is also one of the most liked fellows in the game. He is always doing something for somebody.

Tom Schroeder, cartoonist and manager of Micky Goldberg, is a regular railbird at the Grand River A. C. He is an all round sportsman and especially a good golfer.

Windsor, across the river, is putting on shows once in a while. The matchmaker tells me that he has two good shots in mind. One is Carl Tremaine with Joe Lucas. The latter is a local boy with dynamite in either hand. The other would bring together Johnny Webber and Lee Hardy. This would pack 'em in as it is a natural here.

IN CAROLINA

By TUBBY BRYAN

Fort Bragg has resumed its regular boxing cards. It staged the first card on May 22 with the very able and efficient Bob Martin, as referee. The first bout between Soldier Lewis and Soldier Evans ended in a K. O. Evans took the count in the second. Both are junior lights. The second bout, between Wellons of Fayettesville, N. C., and Soldier Hatsfield of Bragg, went to Wellons on points.

The third, between Sergeant Conway of Bragg and Kid Holland of Langley Field, was a good fight. Holland gave Conway at least 10 pounds but lost. The fourth brought together Kid Lee Johnson of Charlotte, N. C., and K. O. Brunnetti of Bragg. Johnson stopped his man in the second. This Johnson is a good boy with a hefty punch. The main was between Chief Mayle of Bragg and Bill Mathews of Baltimore, Md. The Chief won by a K. O. in the fifth. Mayle weighed 198 and Mathews, 183.

In Wilmington, N. C., the Legion put on a benefit fight for the W. L. I. Young Harry Greb gave away 25 pounds and lost the decision to Bad News Bryant. This Boy Young Greb is a comer and will make the best of them hustle. In the second bout Kid Potter beat Bill Kermon in eight rounds. The main bout between Spider Lewis of Cincinnati and Fighting Dick Sellars of Wilmington, N. C., went to Lewis on points.

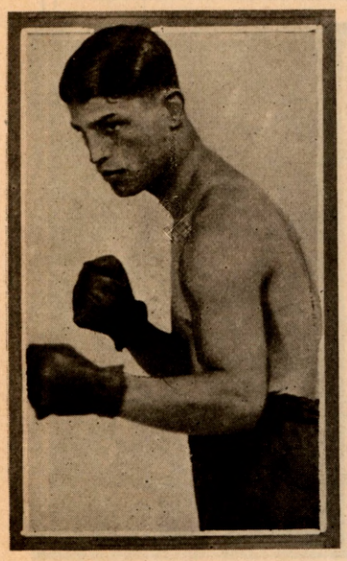
A regular boxing school is conducted at Fort Bragg by Sergeant "Bob" Martin, ex-heavyweight champion of the A. E. F. and Inter-allied Games in Paris. In our local stables is also Sergeant "Chief" Mayle, who was a member of the American Olympic Boxing Team, which went to Paris.

The seating capacity of the theatre at Fort Bragg is 2,000 and fans are drawn from North and South Carolina.

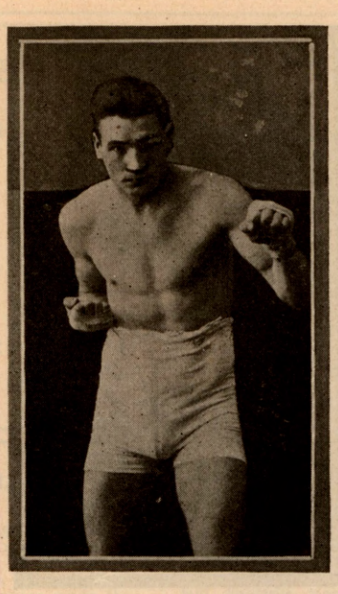
Captain H. C. Brenizer of the Fifth Field Artillery, is the recreation officer in charge.

SEEKS WHEREABOUTS OF MAL McGILVERY

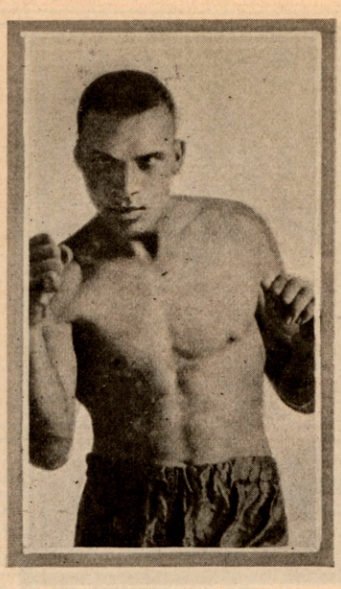
Will Mal McGilvery or any person knowing his whereabouts, kindly communicate with the Publisher of this paper.



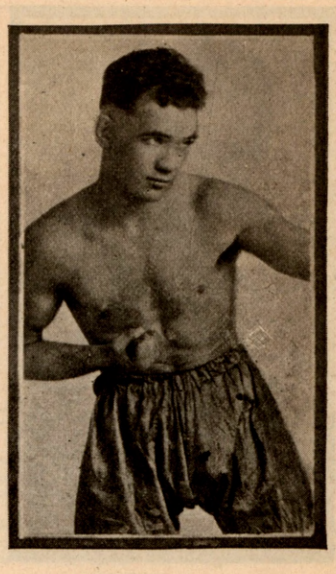
Tony Picciano, hard-hitting Fordham lightweight. He has begun to hit his stride.



Marcel Thuru, hard-hitting French middleweight, who is going well abroad



Carl Carter, who is going great guns in the heavyweight division.



Frankie Webb, junior lightweight from the Northwest, who is a pleasing performer.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NOTES

By JACK CAHILL

Eddie Mack, featherweight champion of the Rocky Mountains headlined a boxing card at the Elks Punch Bowl in Denver by decisively outpointing King Tut of Minneapolis. In the semi-windup, George Manley of Denver gave Frank Muskie of St. Paul an artistic lacing. In the other bouts Young newly won from Tony Mario, both of these boys being local and Hi Gill of Sterling, Colo., was awarded the decision over Ed. Kelly of Casper, Wyo.

The American Veterans of the Foreign Wars sponsored an all star card at the Denver Municipal Auditorium. In the headlining bout of the night, King Solomon, Jewish heavyweight of New York, decisioned Alex Rely, champ of South America, in four rounds. The feature was provided in the semi-windup with Jack Kane holding Eddie Mack to a draw. Kane is from Chicago and is the first one to hold his own with the Regis Collegian in this city. Georgie Lopez tried for a comeback but was severely beaten by Frankie Levar. Harry Galfund, put Battling Siki of Omaha away in three rounds.

The King Solomon-Rely affair was terrible and both fighters received an awful razzing.

Jack Kane, Chicago lightweight, is doing pretty well here. He held Eddie Mack, feather and lightweight champ of the Rockies to a draw and easily won from King Tut of Minneapolis. On May 25, he lost a very close decision to Jack Carter, who comes from Los Angeles. Kane expects to go East soon.

George Manley, Denver's light heavyweight, is taking fighting seriously now. He recently defeated Frank Muskie of St. Paul in four rounds. After this encounter he went to Jerome, Arizona, and easily defeated Jack Lynch, champion of that state. Manley is matched to meet Young Stribling in the near future.

Jack Carter, of Los Angeles, made his first appearance in a Denver ring on May 25 by winning from Jack Kane. Carter comes from the Pacific Coast highly touted and has been matched to meet Johnny O'Donnell of St. Paul on June 1.

Ed. Sheperd and Ed. Stringham, both from Salt Lake, lost to local boys at Jack Kanner's new Olympic Athletic Club, May 25. One Step Watson easily beat Sheperd and Stringham was outclassed by Tommie Commiskey. The boys from the other side of the Rockies have never been able to match evenly with the local prides.

One Step Watson, colored dancing master from Omaha, Nebr., is a great favorite in Denver rings. He is a welterweight of ability and is very clever. The Stepper recently made a successful tour of the Pacific coast.

Jack Kanner has opened the first real fight club in Denver, his Olympic Athletic Club. It is fashioned on Jack Doyle's Vernon Arena. Kanner has a number of good boys coming for his shows including Stewart McLean of St. Paul, Johnny O'Donnell also from that city and Jimmy Delaney, and he intends to put his cards on every week.

King Tut, Minneapolis lightweight, received the first setback of his ring career at the hands of Eddie Mack. Since then Jack Kane has also won from him. Tut defeated Roy Sutherland on May 6. Kane gave him a beating despite the fact that Ray Stanchfield, Tut's star trainer, was in his corner.

Ernie Fliegel, flashy featherweight of St. Paul, will meet Frankie West, Italian flash, on May 28. Joe Azarella, from the other twin city, is scheduled to oppose Jack Kane.

Teddy Gartin, Denver welter, is back from Omaha where he won from Al. Razgall in twelve rounds.

Harry Bramer, Denver featherweight, is now back in the ring after a long lay off. He will meet either Kane or Eddie Mack soon.

Pee Wee Jensen, featherweight, was stopped by Don Long in his rise in the local colony by a severe beating on the night of May 6.

Billy DeFoe, oldtime featherweight, will no doubt be seen in action in local rings in the near future with one of the promising feathers of the region.

Benny Chavez, one time lightweight championship contender, is in Denver looking the boys over. Benny is engaged in business in Trinidad, Colo.

Fighting Nobe Cervantes has again donned the gloves and is at present in Rawlins, Wyo., his home town.

Hienie Schuman, of Cheyenne, Wyo., is out of the rig for good, due to bad eyes. Schuman was one time champion in the welterweight division of the Marine Corps and a great infighter.

Tommy Commiskey, Denver welterweight, is back in the ring and recently won from Ed. Stringham of Salt Lake City.

Eddie Mack, Pride of the Rockies, is taking a rest and will not be seen in action until the first of July. Eddie has been fighting on the average of twice a month and the rest will benefit him a great deal.

Eddie Mack easily outpointed Don Long in a twelve round bout in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on May 17. Long is matched with Stewart McLean of St. Paul on June 1 at the new Olympic Athletic Club.

KANSAS NOTES

By WILLIAM PATRICK

Although going out of his class and boxing bantamweights, Tommy Maroon continues to win with ease. Tommy Carulla, Frankie Civella, Young Mingo and Kid Monk are some of the bantams Maroon has beaten.

At Atchison Sergeant Lettner knocked ou Harold Gates in eight rounds and Jack Stacy held Battling Clemmons even in the ten round main event.

Looks like John Fulton, matchmaker for the Atchison American Legion, has a fine prospect in Chester "Battling" Clemmons whom he manages.

Ted Henry, featherweight of the Goosens and Gable string, and Al Anthony, handy man about the Eagles' gymnasium, are in Chicago.

Young Sol lost on a foul in the seventh round of his bout with Nick Olivia at Topeka.

Hymie Klugman, K. C. A. C. amateur, has turned pro. He seeks matches with Young Sol, Battling Clemmons or any of the local featherweights.

Dude O'Dare and Jimmy Carter have left Kay-See to join an athletic show that is traveling through Texas and Oklahoma.

At Kansas City, Kansas, Kid Cole beat Kid Avery in ten rounds. Pat Corbett, the "Fighting Irishman," knocked-out "Battling" Jack Silva in the seventh round and Joe Trabon boxed a draw with Larry Cappo.

At Wichita, Eddie Dwyer, the "Brown Panther," beat Billy Peltz in ten rounds. Charley Pitts won over Wild Cat Monte in ten rounds knocking the Wild Cat down four times and winning easily.

In the main event, Kid Maultbie and Joe Ciro (holder of the Cudahy A. C. bantamweight belt) battled ten hectic frames with honors even.

At Kansas City, Johnny Wagner stopped Pat Shelby in two rounds. Pat Corbett beat Walter Page in ten and Bobby O'Shea bested Tony Ross in the third ten rounder.

Charley Pitts beat Joe Trabon in ten rounds at Frontenac.

Billy Britton, the "Kansas Cyclone," stopped Jerry Lasker in four rounds at Pittsburgh.

At Salina, Kid Maultbie knocked out Babe Collins and "Battling" Jack Silva beat Walter Page.

Manager Jay J. Thomas and his welterweight, Pat Corbett, have returned from Grand Island, Nebraska, where Corbett defeated Joe O'Boyle in ten heats.

Speedy Sparks, Ohio middleweight, is making Kansas City his headquarters.

Bud Hamilton just returned from Chicago where he spent the last month without getting started.

Bernie Irvine and Kid Avery, Oklahoma boxers, have given Oklahoma back to the Indians and will try their luck in Kansas rings.

At Kansas City Johnny Wagner shaded Tiger Tedlock in ten rounds. Pinky May and Denver Kid fought an uninteresting ten round draw in the semi-wind-up.

In the ten round main event Pat Corbett decisively defeated Larry Cappo and removed any doubt that may have lingered in the minds of the fans since the last meeting of the two. Corbett was presented with a diamond studded gold championship belt by the Cudahy A. C.

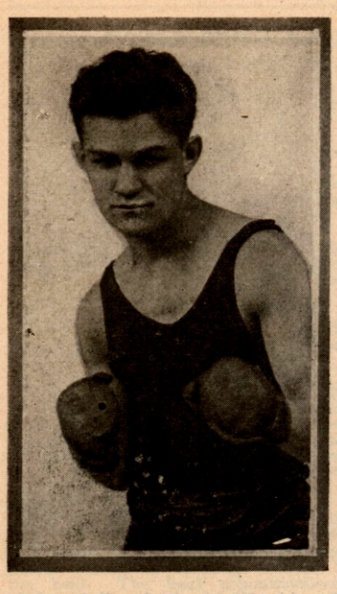
Rusty Jones's injured knee is O. K. again. Rusty is matched with Bud Hamilton for ten rounds before the Cudahy A. C. at Kansas City, Kansas.

Mike Collins was a visitor at the last boxing show.

According to Manager Jay Thomas, Pat Corbett may invade Mexico for a series of bouts in June.

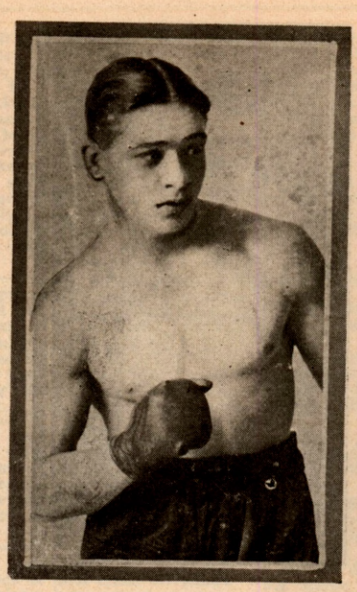
Blas Rodriguez popular bantamweight boxer has returned from Torreon, Mexico, where he visited his parents.

Boxers and other champion and top-notchers are requested to send their signature to The Ring, 91 Seventh Ave., New York City. These will be photographed and placed in a frame for exhibition in Madison Square Garden. Time limited—Write Now.

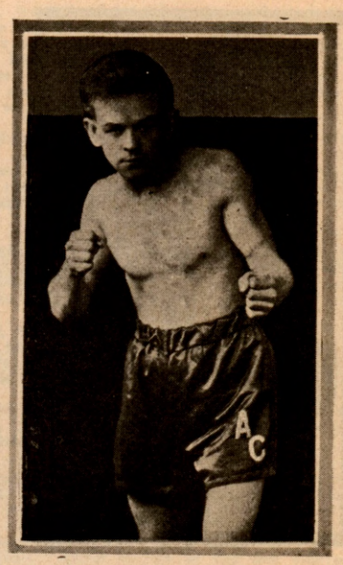


Steve Smith, hard-hitting bantamweight of Cleveland.

Jack Lewis, junior lightweight champion of the South.



Vic Burrone, classy Greenwich Village, New York, bantam.



Al Clutty, a clever featherweight, who has fought many good battles.

FISTIC NEWS FROM SOUTH JERSEY

By HARRY DELLFUS

Joe Bush, sensational middleweight, exhibited good form in recent bouts with Jackie Donahue, Art Vetters, Buddy Burke, Vincent Lopez, Battling Willard and Jimmy McAllister. Bush also displayed wonderful punching ability which made a big hit with the fans. Bush is in line challenging such stars as Harry Greb, Young Marullo and Maxie Rosenbloom.

Scotty McDonald, featherweight "champion" of Scotland, has been battling with great success around Pennsylvania territory, and hopes to return some day with the world's featherweight crown. He is an aggressive little battler and furnishes action from start to finish. McDonald looks like the best featherweight turned out of Scotland in many a day.

Mickey Larkin, Philadelphia's popular little flyweight, has been going great guns in the past few months and shapes up like the best flyweight developed around these parts in a long time. He has encountered the best in his class and holds decisions over some outstanding 112-pounders.

Pete Garber, hard hitting lightweight, added another knockout to his string when he flattened the tough Johnny Jacumis in four heats at Lancaster.

Mickey Blair, Camden's featherweight hope, sprang a big surprise when he stopped Chick Emmons in six rounds at Trenton.

It looks very much as if Philadelphia has another contender for the featherweight championship. While Benny Bass has first call, nevertheless the sensational fighting of Buck Fleming in the past six months has attracted the attention of experts to such an extent that they are anxious to see Bass and Fleming meet. The match here would draw a big gate. Fleming's manager has already signified his willingness to allow his protege to meet Bass. It now remains for Phil Glassman to sign on the dotted line. The bout if clinched may be staged at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium the first week in July.

Frankie Vance, fast rising 140-pounder, made a hit in Norristown when he gave the well known K. O. Harry Hayes a terrific trouncing in eight rounds. A few days later Vance journeyed to Lancaster to hand the sleep producing wallop to Mike Frantz in one. Vance is a tall, rangy lad and has a great left hand.

Mickey Larkin defeated Al Coulon in eight rounds in the windup at Norristown. In the semi-final Maxie Goldberg knocked out Buck Tolliver in five.

Mike Moran, a few years ago an outstanding bantamweight of Pittsburgh, is now around Atlantic City fighting preliminary bouts.

Matt Engle and Ralph Jannatty are managing Jimmy Kelly, Atlantic City fighting fool. Kelly has fought the best of the lightweights around this region and now issues a defi to Lew Skymer.

Tommy Farley, who now is under the management of Phil Glassman, easily defeated Gene Johnston in a great fight in the star bout at the shore.

Kaplan and Higgins have again leased the Camden Ball Park for the coming summer months, while Oscar Kennedy staged his first show on June 4, in Fairview, just outside of Camden.

Mickey Papner refused to answer the bell for the seventh session in the windup at Atlantic City against Willie Greb of Scranton.

Promoters like Kaplan and Higgins and Oscar Kennedy of Camden should pay their fighters more money. If they can't afford to do so they should close up shop. Furthermore there's boys like Lew Skymer, Tommy Dundee, K. O. Palmer, Scotty McDonald, Buck Fleming and a few others who haven't exhibited their wares in Camden for a year.

Tommy West lost a hairline decision to Maxie Rosenbloom at Convention Hall. Only 500 saw the scrap. If the Camden promoters would develop a few outstanding fighters there would be more interest. The fans are tired of out of towners.

Al Fox, hard hitting junior lightweight, traveled to Norristown where he made a big hit. He defeated K. O. Lockoff in a furious fight. Fox is a dangerous puncher and will make a big name for himself.

Lew Skymer, Camden's star lightweight, made a big hit in Manayunk with Joe Ryan. The fight was full of action all the way. The Camden promoters have been unjust to Skymer as he has been doing all of his battling on Pennsylvania soil in order to fight. He is the best prospect turned out of Camden. Lew should be seen more often as he is a drawing card.

Lew Baker, the Lew Tendler of these parts, has resumed training and expects to get himself in great shape. He is out for the scalps of Pete Hartley, Harry (Kid) Brown, Sid Terris, Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mendall. Baker is a dangerous southpaw and has a long list of knockouts to his credit.

Mendell Bailus, Russian heavyweight, added two more knockouts which total six straight, when he stowed away Chief Nockhamoold in five and Max The Greek in three rounds at Elmer. Mendell is seeking bigger game now.

Joe Bush and Johnny Okey would be a great attraction in Camden as both middleweights have been winning right along.

Billy Washington and Young Jack Dempsey put up one of the greatest battles seen around here in many a day for ten rounds in the Convention Hall windup. Marty Gold handed Pee Wee Ross a trouncing in the eight-round semi-final, having Ross on the verge of a knockout a number of times.

Joie Reynolds, Atlantic City lightweight, has been on the sidelines the past few months. He was operated upon for appendicitis and had his tonsils removed. Reynolds is recuperating and will be ready to start hard training in another month.

Roxie Allen defeated Johnny Attell at the closing indoor show of the Temple Theatre in the eighth round windup.

The writer is planning to undertake the Mt. Holly Ball Park for the coming summer months where he expects to stage a number of great matches and will give all the local boys a chance.

Freddy Welsh, of Atlantic City, who is a good featherweight prospect, is coming to the front at a rapid clip and shapes up like another Johnny Kilbane. Welsh has fought Johnny Green, Young Chappie, Johnny Fone, Tommy Kid Murphy, Jimmy Burns, Bat. Frisco, Al Winkler, Johnny Jadick and Joie Hatfield.

Jimmy Doyle is all het up over his protege Paddy O'Brien. He scored his fourteenth straight victory over Her Hutchie.

Johnny Burns, well known Philadelphia promoter, has leased the new speedway Stadium at Amotal, N. J., whic has a seating capacity of over 100,000, and now is dickering for Pete Latzo to defend his crown against Nate Goldman.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By SOX PINTO

On the eve of his departure for Fargo, N. D., to fight Billie Petrolle, Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton's renown lightweight fell sick with the grippe. He was in bed for four days, making it impossible for him to go through with the fight. The bout has been postponed to a later date.

Joe Reno of Trenton beat Ray Mitchell of Philadelphia in a ten round windup. Reno took five rounds, Mitchell two and three were even. Reno put up one of the best fights of his career.

In the semi, Chick Emmons of Trenton and Young Teresia of Newark fought a sensational eight round draw. These boys are rematched for a later date.

Young Jack Dempsey of Philadelphia, beat Henry Shaw of New York in a return bout of ten rounds. The bout was very dull.

Charlie Kiski won by a technical k. o. when the referee waved Johnny Faraday to his corner. Faraday was far outclassed.

Jimmy Willard upset the dope by handing Joey Curran a k. o. in the second round. Willard looks very good and it won't be long before he will be fighting in windups.

Joe Reno of Trenton and Eddie Moffo put on one of the best bouts seen in Trenton in many a moon. Reno won the bout by his cleaner hitting and aggressiveness.

A clash of heads that opened a nasty cut over Nick Bass's left eye, ended the semi-final in the fourth round, Jimmy Ander Goines of Johnstown, Pa., winning it on a technical k. o. when the referee stopped the bout.

Sammy Moffo of Bristol surprised the fight fans by beating Willie Beetle of Trenton in an eight round bout.

Willie Wiggins added Charlie Croggins of New York to his long string of k. o.'s. Wiggins k. o.'d Croggins in the third round.

Many notables of all walks of life attended a testimonial dinner given in the honor of Newton A. K. Bugbee, boxing commissioner of the state of New Jersey, for the fine service he is rendering the boxing game. About 500 people attended the affair. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, former middleweight champion, gave a very interesting talk as did former Gov. Stokes. Mayor Hague of Jersey City, Harry Heher, chairman of the state Democratic Committee and numerous others. It was a very successful affair.

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BOXING IN HAVANA

By MILTON BARON

Barney Adair from New York and Jim Moran, Spanish welterweight champion, were the contenders recently in the main go at the Arena Colon. Adair, though not at his best, made Moran miss by the proverbial mile, but Moran's aggressiveness made the fight quite even. Moran pushed Adair to the canvas in the twelfth round, and was given the decision.

On the same card Henry Dewanker of Belgium knocked out Rolando Herrera, local featherweight, in 3 rounds. Dewanker is a flashy boxer and his style was well liked.

Fast Black, St. Louis welter, won his fourth consecutive fight when he defeated Gabriel Herrera, Rolando's brother, tough slashing welterweight, in 8 sizzling rounds. Fast Black certainly knows his stuff in the clinches and played havoc with Gabriel's body.

Armando Shakels, from Belgium, gained an 8 round decision over Kid Fernandez, Cuban southpaw lightweight. Shakels, a neat boxer, had no trouble in outpointing his slow opponent.

Paul Berlenbach, world's light heavy champion, one of the spectators, was introduced to the Cuban public and received a grand ovation.

Dativo Fuentes, Cuban featherweight, was winner over Artie McCann at Florida. He holds a decision over Soldier Diaz, the Cuban featherweight champion.

Clemente Sanchez, known in fistic circules as the Camajuani Panther, pulled the skids from under Ricardo Alis, Spanish middleweight champion, by knocking him out in 9 rounds. A hard right to the ribs and a reptition to the jaw put Alis out.
Sanchez has been defeating all his opponents of late, and holds a knockout victory over Gouito, the Oriente heavyweight champion, and also Santiago Esperagera, the ex light heavyweight champ. Sanchez will shortly be matched with Rolleaux Saguero, present title holder.

Cirilin Olano, Cuban lightweight king, in poor form, took a 10 round lacing from Tomas Cola, Spanish lightweight. Olano missed repeatedly.

Pedro Campo, Filipino cyclone, one of the most sensational boxers that ever stepped into a Havana ring, lost by foul to Dativo Fuentes, Cuban junior lightweight, at Miami.

Angel Diaz, Cuban featherweight champion, lost a twelve round decision to Dewanker.

Gabriel Herrera scored a 5 round knockout over Jack Haggen, German middleweight. Herrera opened a furious attack in the opening round, and had Haggen on the floor 3 times. In the fourth round Haggen was bleeding badly, and appeared very weak in the fifth canto, when the referee stopped the bout.

Eugene Fernandez, decisively defeated Vega Rubin, both from Spain. Fernandez had his opponent reeling from hard rights to the head, and at the end of the bout Rubin was bleeding from nose and mouth.

Young Wallace, New Orleans welterweight, was imported by Santos and Artigas for a 10 round bout with Ricardo Alis, Spanish middleweight. Wallace, who fought here successfully several time before, proved a big disappointment, as he appeared to be out of training, and just content to cover up. The fight was very uninteresting, and Wallace after taking an unnecessary beating, was very thankful to his seconds when they tossed the towel in the sixth round.

Jesus Rodriguez and Jose Lopez, Spanish light-heavyweights, fought a 4 round bout to a draw. The fight was pretty fast, with both men landing hard blows, but no knockdowns were scored.
Urbano Solera defeated Mario Campo in 4 steaming rounds. Both boys fought hard from bell to bell, but there never was a doubt as to the winner. Solera is improving in every start, and before long will be seen in action with the best lightweights around here.

Abd El Keber, Moroccan middleweight, finally succeeded in winning a bout here. After fighting six times, he defeated Martin Perez, the "terrible cook." It is a fact however that Perez was far below good form, and should defeat Keber every time they meet. These boys will probably be matched again.

Kid Salgado, claimant to the bantamweight title of Cuba, knocked out Luis Vallespain, Spanish 115 pounder, in the third canto. Vallespain showed speed and cleverness but soon tired under the aggressiveness of Salgado, and in the third round one of Salgado's mighty rights landed flush on Vallespain's jaw, and it was all over.

Luis Parga is the new matchmaker for the United Promoters, and his work in this field is a first-class guarantee for good programs. Mr. Parga is well liked by everyone, and is one of the most popular men in boxing circles. Good luck to Mr. Parga, may he continue the good work.

Aramis Del Pino is signed up to meet Tomas Cola, 10 rounds to a decision. Both boys are in good trim, and the fight will surely be a corker.

Jim Moran is also matched to meet Boggie Sab, Southern welterweight. Boggie is a tough boy and will make it interesting for Moran.

SOUTHWEST NOTES

By DON CEE

The boxing gentry of the Southwest have been enjoying several past months of prosperity and from all indications the ole game of sockum will continue to thrive where the cattle and cotton grows.

San Antonio is running two big shows every month, featuring some of the best talent in the country. Fort Sam Houston puts on a big league show each month, Fort Bliss near El Paso runs twice each month. Jaurez across the Rio Grande from El Paso is running twice each month and El Paso stages one big show every month.
With Wichita Falls, Galveston and Dallas, not to mention many other smaller cities running semi-monthly and weekly shows with their dates not conflicting, it is easy to see that the leather pushers now stopping around in Texas are keeping busy.

The foremost promoters of Texas who are drawing the biggest houses are named in order below: Lt. H. P. Killpack, Fort San Houston; Major H. M. Ostroski, Fort Bliss; John McIntosh, El Paso; B. Sproul, Galveston; Jack Shelton, San Antonio; Don M. Wofford, Wichita Falls; Dutch Meinert, Dallas, and there are several smaller cities drawing very good houses. Boxers of any weight who show well in Texas and become popular can keep very busy throughout the Lone Star State and all over Mexico.

Oklahoma promoters who are stacking them in with good cards are: L. H. "Louie" Louis, Ponca City; Louie Cutler, Oklahoma City; O. Glen Snyder, Enid, and Tom Galvin, Pawhuska.

It is being whispered around that Tulsa soon will be open again to the sport. This is good news to Southwestern glove flingers who remember the big houses Tulsa used to draw until the city administration put a stop to the sport.

Chuck Burns, the light heavyweight who hails from San Antonio, is socking his way merrily. Burns recently forced Young Stribling to step his best to secure a newspaper decision at Wichita before the largest house ever drawn there.
Burns has knocked out Tommy Marvin and fought Warnie Smith to a draw.

Dummy Mahan, the Bracketville junior welterweight, has won a place into the hearts of all Texas fans by his recent sensational fights in and around San Antonio. In the past six or eight weeks Mahan has knocked out Brooke Stephens, Eddie Chaney and has won two bouts against Mercy Montez and Jackie Dillon.

Al Edwards is stopping in San Antonio with a junior lightweight who hails from Little Rock, Arkansas. This youngster's name is George Sanders and he has been winning every start around the Alamo City. Edwards is also handling and training "Red" Fitzsimmons, light heavyweight.

Gray Miller, who recently moved into San Antonio from Florida with heavyweight Jack League, has taken Jackie Moore under his wing.

"Red" Fitzsimmons beat Jack League in a slow ten round bout at Fort Sam Houston. Fitz was awarded the decision by referee Louis Alberts. This bout would have proved better had not both the principals bruised their hands in the early rounds.

Kid Pancho Flores won the referee's decision in ten rounds over Kid Lencho of Eagle Pass on this same card.

Jack Shelton has secured the "Block Stadium" of San Antonio for all his outdoor fistic attractions. His first show, featuring Kid Pancho and Kid Lencho, drew a record house. Lencho stopped Pancho with a series of body blows in the tenth round, after Pancho had battled on even terms.

SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS GOSSIP

The Elks Club of Chanute staged its first show recently. Walter Page of Dodge City and Jimmie Carter fought ten rounds to a draw. Kansas Kid Easter gave Charley Muller a boxing lesson in six rounds. Battling Dewitt and Harry Hays went six rounds on even terms.

At the Elks second show Tommy Irvine, Tulsa middleweight, and Jimmie Carter, "K. C.," fought ten fast rounds to a draw. Kansas Kid Easter was shaded in a four round bout by Bernie Irvine, Tulsa middleweight. Charley Muller stopped Eddie Snyder of Tulsa in two rounds.

The American Legion featured heavyweights at Neodesha, Kan., May 6. Ed. (K.O.) Smith shaded Leo Dieble in ten rounds. The semi-final, a ten round bout between Frankie Fields of Hutchinson and Kid McCoy of Pittsburg, bantamweights, went to a draw. Battling Dewitt of Hutchison, a middleweight, was shaded in a six round bout by the battling 142-pound scrapper, Kid Easter.

Independence, Kan., staged a 28-round program. Mickey McGuire of Tulsa and Dick Cody of Casper, Wyo., featherweights, fought ten slow rounds in the main event. Gregory O'Neill of Tulsa, substituting for Red Andrews, battled Wildcat Monte of Wichita ten rounds to a draw. The opening bout of the show, Arcie Patterson of Weir City and Easter, stepped eight rounds on even terms.

Cherryvale (Kan.) American Legion featured negro light heavyweights for the main event. Harry Lindsay of Joplin and Oscar Mortimer of Dallas, Texas, fought ten rounds with Lindsay winning by a shade. In the six round semi-final Farmer Billings of Cherryvale stopped Jimmie Moore in twenty seconds of the first round.

At Frontenac, Kan., Charley Pitts shaded Joe Trabon in a 10 round bout. In the semi-final Kid Ketchell stopped Chick Hall in the second round. Hall weighed 121 and Ketchell 116½. Hall never had a chance against the Kaysee Kid. Bantamweights Jack Huffman and Mickey Brisbin fought six rounds to a draw.

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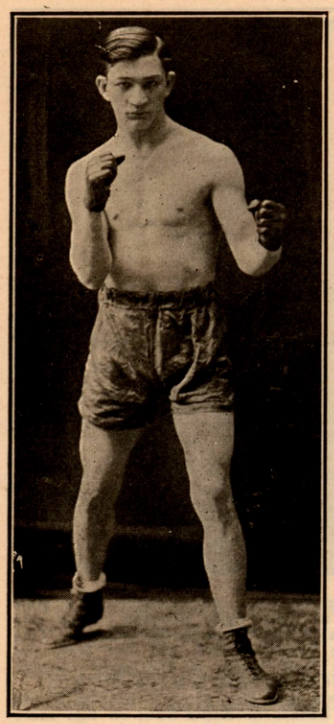
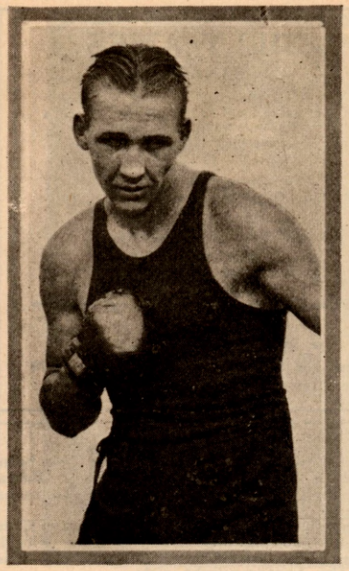
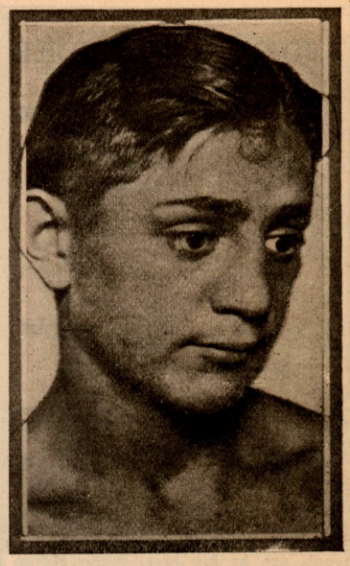


Eddie (Kid) Wagner, of Philadelphia, who upset the dope recently by trouncing Phil McGraw.



Johnny Urban, of Pittsburgh, who is destined to climb in his division.

Irish Johnny Curtin, veteran Skeeter who recently whipped Spencer Gardner in come-back.



Ruby Goldstein, east side sensational lightweight, who recently knocked out Tony Vaccarelli.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Benny Perry, bantamweight of Hazleton gave Lew Carricato of Harrisburg a lacing in a six round fight at Lykens. Perry floored Carricato for the count of nine in the fourth round.

In the semi-final Dick "Young" Holke, of Lebanon, upset the dope by giving Fred Horvath of Harrisburg, a whale of a fight, although losing the decision by a very slight margin, Holke made many friends. Dick Curtin of Lebanon and K. O. Murray of Harrisburg fought to a draw in another six round fight.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's bantamweight contender, won from Henry Leonard in a ten round scrap in Cleveland last month.

Jimmy McAllister, and Red Delp, Reading middleweight rivals, fought an eight round draw in their home town last month. George Dewey, of Reading, won from Tim Droney, of Lancaster, in another eight round go on the same card.

Jimmy Burns, of Atlantic City, and Bobby Wolgast, of Philadelphia, fought to a draw in their ten round fuss at Harrisburg, last month. Frankie Hayes, of Philadelphia won from Billy Gannon, also of Philadelphia, in the eight round semi-final. Carl Young, of Lebanon, dropped the duke to Ray Maxwell, Philadelphia's fighting Marine, after six rounds of hard fighting.

Cuddy De Marco, of Pittsburgh, ran into a surprise when he met Tommy Cooney of Philadelphia, last month in Harrisburg. Cooney copped the judges' decision after ten exciting rounds. After the fight there was no doubt, as to who was the winner, Cooney winning right hand up.

In the semi-final, Billy Gannon and Frankie Hayes both of Philadelphia, battled to a draw. Johnny Shern of Philadelphia won from Johnny De Marco of Philadelphia. Eddie Billman of Lancaster stopped Johnny Martin of Philadelphia in the fifth of the scheduled six round curtain raiser.

Benny Perry, Hazleton's speedy little bantamweight, is slated to meet the clever Lou Risco of Philadelphia in Lykens the latter part of the month. Dick "Young" Holke of Lebanon will strut his stuff in the semi-final, against the rugged Ray Maxwell of Philadelphia.

Georgie Strickler, a promising looking boy in the 145 pound class, would like to meet some of the boys his weight. Georgie hails from Lebanon, the home of many good fighters.

"Doc" Landis of Lancaster held his first open air fight of the season at the Rosemeer Ball Park, on May 24. Rosey Stoy of Lancaster and Spencer Gardner of Providence were the principals in the ten round wind-up.

Johnny Berry, lightweight of Philadelphia, is making good around this section.

Tom Laberto of York received the judges' decision over Patsy Nelson of Philadelphia, in a six round fight at Harrisburg last month.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By JULES BECK

Sandy Seifert, North Side heavyweight, has been ordered by his doctor to refrain from boxing for several months in order to give his arm, which was fractured, a chance to mend properly. Quite a disappointment to Sandy as he was just about getting started cleaning up amongst the big boys.

Tommy Ryan, erstwhile McKeesporter, who grabbed off the plum on the eve of the great Kentucky Derby Race, was quite fortunate to land a juicy plum at the opportune time. Tommy is about to embark on the matrimonial sea and the old dough sure comes in handy.

Boo Ryan's attempt to come back in Brooklyn did not pan out very well for the Pittsburgher. He was knocked out in the second round of a scheduled ten round bout.

Johnny Hamm, former national amateur flyweight champion, is in a jam with the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission. He boxed an exhibition bout with Dick Loadman at a smoker for the Braddock K. of C. recently without obtaining permission from the commission and has consequently been placed under suspension for 90 days.

Red Chapman, Boston featherweight championship contender, may make his home in Pittsburgh or Homestead in the near future and fight under the management of James Mason. Mason is Pittsburgh's veteran handler of boxers whose connections with Harry Greb were severed recently. He is now devoting most of his time to his star lightweight, Cuddy De Marco. Chapman is a former Homestead lad and is seriously thinking of coming back to his old domain.

Duquesne expects to swing back into action by promoting a few corking good shows in their spacious ball park which housed the Cuddy De Marco and Sig Keppen show as their initial attraction last year. The shows will be promoted by the Duquesne order of B. P. O. E. No. 751, and the matchmaking will be taken care of by yours truly.

Cuddy De Marco is the promoters' best bet in this locality. It seems that Cuddy packs them no matter where, when and who he fights. It seems that promoters are having difficulty in bringing someone here that can give the Charleroi sheik a tussle, therefore the pull. Fans come out, pay to see someone imported that will give the sheik a lacing, but as yet, the promoters have to do so. Cuddy cleans up on them as fast as his manager can land them.

Duquesne has a promising bantam in Danny Billick, the amateur star. Billick has only been fighting about one year and is already ranked about the best amateur in this vicinity at his weight.

Bobby Young has secured a New York state license and Danny Rogers, who pilots the lightweight champion Rocky Kansas, plans on bringing Bobby over and introducing him to the eastern fistic fans. In and around Western Pa. Young's affairs are looked after by the writer of this column.

Willie Davis and his manager James Buchanan have departed for Cuba where Jim has Davis booked for several bouts, including one with Black Bill, the Cuban flyweight star.

Johnny Hamm and former bantam champion Johnny Buff fought here at the last indoor show of the season at the Palisades in McKeesport. It was a massacre for Buff. Hamm battered Buff from pillar to post in the first round and his seconds admitted defeat by throwing in the sponge in the second round. Three other six round bouts completed the bill.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Young Stribling defeated Ray Neuman in an interesting ten round bout. Neuman was a mere plaything at the hands of the Georgia Peach. Stribling won every round of the scheduled ten.

The ten round bout between Larry Avera, junior welter champ of the south, and Farmer Joe Cooper, was called a draw by the referee. Avera was entitled to the honors. The "Farmer boy" was up against a real scrapper when he collided with the blond Irish lad. Cooper had been ballyhooed around as a contender for the welter title.

Benny Touchstone knocked out Ernie Perrin in the second round of their ten round bout, and Honey-Boy Snipes received the decision over Benny Regan. The above are results of the boxing bouts staged here in Atlanta, featuring Stribling-Neuman. The crowd was the largest drawn at a local fight.

Larry Avera was awarded the referee's decision over Dave Eddleman in their return ten round match. In another ten rounder Hollis Sullivan again showed his superiority over Lou Guglimini when the referee awarded Sullivan the decision.

Ed Alexander, Savannah fight manager returned from Kansas where Ed and his star battler, Pinkie May, journeyed to box Denver Kid. Pinkie outscoring the Denver bantam in ten rounds and carrying off the honors. Judge Horning, another one of Alexander's battlers scored a k. o. victory over Ted Goodrich in Jacksonville in the last round of a ten round bout.

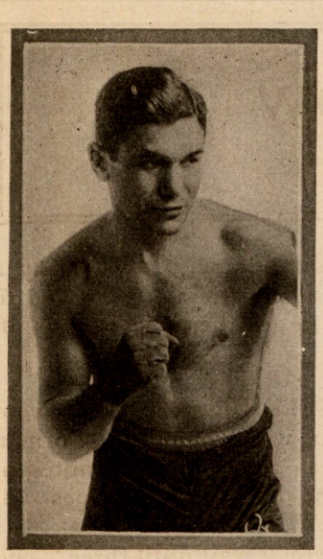
Horning later met Farmer Joe Cooper and held the Farmer boy even in the ten rounds. Still another of Alexander's battlers, Battling Finch stopped over Floyd Bowers of Mason City, Iowa, in the second round.

Tommy Jones, Macon, Ga., claimant of the southern 126-pound title, defeated Chic Miller of Chicago in ten rounds. Jones recently boxed Harry Forbes of Akron, Ohio. Forbes won.

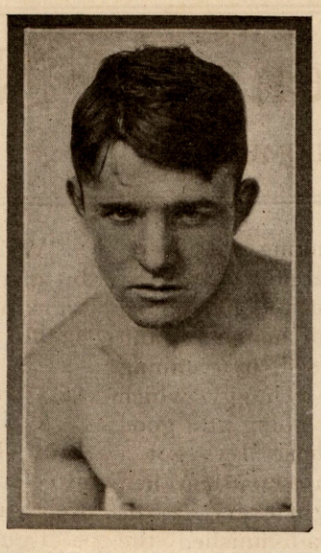
Frankie Gardini, 130-pound battler from Ohio, is still out of the ring with a bad hand. Gardini looks like a comer, but is handicapped with brittle hands.

Kid Peck, formerly of Columbus, Ga., who is now making his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., has been going at a speedy rate. Peck has been a consistent winner against all opposition and is drawing the best crowds among the leather pushers in the Sunshine City.

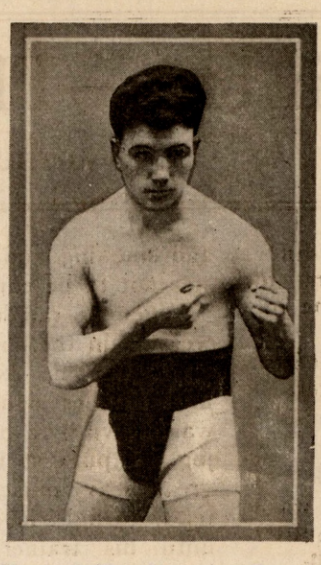
Major John Paul Jones, who was instrumental in staging the Stribling-McTigue fight in Columbus, Ga., is another one who is now a resident in St. Petersburg, Fla. Major Jones is quite a handy man around the boxing club and he is helping the Legion officials in St. Petersburg, Fla., arrange the weekly boxing matches. Mr. Dorine, who is the matchmaker of the boxing body of the American Legion in St. Petersburg, has been using quite a few Georgia battlers in his weekly shows and from all newspaper accounts has given the fight fans there some great weekly bouts.



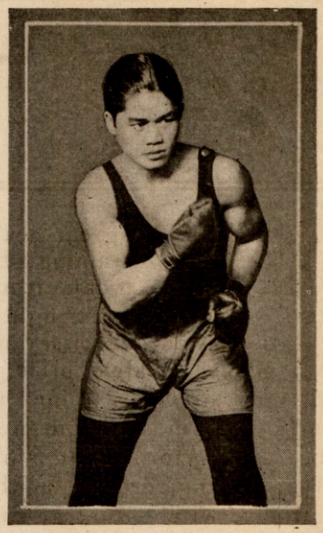
Ruby Levine, Bantam and featherweight champion of Northern New England



Billy Palmer, son of Pedlar Palmer, England's sensational junior lightweight



Harry Scilly, Champion European bantamweight



Georgie Muigna, Classy Filipino flyweight of South Brooklyn, N. Y.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Miami has a puglistic war between local promoters at present. Ed Douglass, pioneer purveyor of things pugilistic, during last summer, was induced to engage Hugh G. Martin, formerly of Columbus, Ga., as his matchmaker, when he took a jaunt about the country. Upon his return, Douglass started the erection of his new beautiful arena at a cost of $50,000. When he vacated the Miami baseball park to stage his bouts in the new arena, Martin affiliated himself with "Pa" Stribling, and the two Georgia "crackers" started to stage shows at the ball park.

It's a well known fact, that since Douglass gave "Pa" Stribling the "gate" when their contract expired a year ago, that Stribling was a very peeved man. Naturally, it is probable that Stribling and Martin, are out to shove Douglass off the Miami pugilistic map. But to do this, the twain will have to lose more money than they are at present doing. One thing about Douglass, he has the confidence of the boxers and managers and with his new modern arena, he will eventually edge out the victor.

With the departure of talent for their northern homes for the summer months, first class talent is at a premium here. Barney Adair of New York; Jackie Hindle of Camden; Artie McCann of Philadelphia; Jimmy Murray of Atlantic City; Pete Sarron of Birmingham; Mickey Gill, the west coast fighter, invading New York; Joe Marks of Houston; Danny Black of Canada, and others have left the Miami promoters looking elsewhere for attractions.

On a recent visit to Havana with Bogie Saab, we were asked by Promoter Douglass to line-up the best Cuban and Spanish talent for shows here. Douglass already has used Genaro Pino, the flyweight champion of the Island, and Dativo Fuentes, a junior lightweight.

Other boxers from Cuba whom the writer recommended are Gabriel Herrera, a welter; Angel Diaz, the featherweight, who did considerable boxing around New York; Enrique Valdez, a banty; Black Bill, the fast little flyweight of Cuba, and many others.

During our visit to Cuba, we were asked by the United Promoters, Inc., to act as the American representative of this well known Havana firm. Hereafter, with the new affiliation effected, it is the intention of the writer, to secure the best talent invading Miami, then recommend the boys to the Havana promoters. This undoubtedly will prove to be an attractive proposition to northern boxers coming to Florida.

A Spanish boxer who will cut a wide swath in pugilistic circles should he invade New York or Chicago, is Hilaya Martinez, one of the classiest and fastest lightweights that ever laced on a glove.

Johnny Cox, of New Orleans and New York, who was in Miami for many weeks during the winter, has a good prospect in "Framer" Joe Cooper, a welterweight hailing from Hoosier state. Johnny has a good meal ticket in the former plow artist and he will assuredly please the most critical.

Frankie Nanci, formerly of Brooklyn, is traveling in wonderful style in and about Miami. Frankie ran up three straight kayos recently.

Pedro Campo, the Philadelphia Filipino, is a good attraction in Miami and Havana. He is anticipating invading Australia. Campo informed the writer that he is under contract for five bouts in the far distant country.

Charley Wheeler, Buffalo referee, pulled a boner before he left Miami when he disqualified Ted Goodrich on a T. K. after the termination of a round, because Goodrich was groggy when he recently met "Farmer" Joe Cooper. There is no question that the minute's rest would have found Goodrich in good shape.

Garner Johns, Florida's flyweight, has returned to boxing in Miami. Garner tried his hand at promoting at Daytona, and found it better to box than to worry over the gate receipts.

Gus Reyes, the Key West featherweight, made his reappearance in a Miami ring recently and won over Dick Baker, on a T. K. It was Reyes' first appearance in the Magic City in about two years.

Mickey Gill, the Pacific Coast flyweight, is now in New York City. Gill is a sweet little fighter and will prove to be an interesting miller for the fans of Gotham.

Jim Downing, the Tampa promoter, recently pitted Johnny Simpson of San Antonio, and Frankie Rice of Baltimore, against the Spanish fightic, il. Martenez. Simpson was kayoed in two frames, while Rice hit the canvas in four.

Fearless Ferns, former lightweight of Atlanta, who is promoting at Jacksonville, is having considerable success. Ferns knows the fighters thoroughly and that's part of the reason his shows draw good.

Phil Pritchard, the West Palm Beach promoter, has closed his doors for the summer. Pritchard had as usual another banner winter season.

Dan O'Dowd, the Boston light heavyweight, will probably swing into action in Miami shortly. Dan is living at Miami Beach at present.

Benny Touchstone, Miami heavyweight, was suspended indefinitely by Boxing Commissioner MacReynolds, for running out of his fight with "Wild Bill" Reed, scheduled to take place in Miami. "Bearcat" Bill Clemons, Knoxville, Tenn., was tossed in as a "sub" and Reed handed Clemons a neat pasting.

Luis Parga, matchmaker for the United Promoters, Inc., Havana, is one of the squarest shooting members of the fraternity that this writer ever dealt with. We are pleased to affiliated with Parga.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Ruby Levene has been going big since his return to Maine. The Lewiston featherweight in his recent bouts defeated Lou Lambert for the title. Then in a semi-final he lost an unfavorable decision to Terry Parker. Ruby then completely thrashed Lou Bedell and knocked out one Johnny Griffin of Philadelphia in three rounds in Portland.

The Bar L Ranch is open for the summer! William Lochart, the most successful promoter north of Portland, is again staging his attractive bouts at his arena which is two miles from Newport. In a benefit for the American Legion of Corinna, Johnny McIntyre trounced the Utah Kid of Bangor in a twin-six main bout. Honest Bill Potter was third man, a guarantee of satisfaction.

In the main bout of the next show at the Bar L Ranch, May 21, K. O. Chubbuck, the rising young welter from Skowhegan, came up groggy from three trips to the canvas in the second round and, before the close of the round, clouted K. O. Liberty, the Lewiston war horse, as cold as a Maine winter.

Bobby Jones, the sixteen-year-old lightweight, took a trip down to Rockland where he defeated Young Chase, one of Tommy Travers' boys.

Boxing returned rather unsuccessfully to Bangor April 27. Duncan McDonald staged a show at the chateau in the main bout of which Wee Wee(Willie) Spencer of New York and Johnny Vacca of Brighton furnished a rather tame exhibition, Vacca having the edge. The prelims between Maine lads were good and as usual saved the show. Young Drew of Biddeford defeated Larry Walsh, Johnny McIntyre's protege, in six turious stanzas. Dunc evidently "kens" the wishes of the fans, for he immediately set to work collecting the material for an "all Maine" show.

Paul Murphy is showing surprising class. The Biddeford French lad who fights in either the 118 or the 126-lb. class, amazed the Lynn, Mass., fans by defeating Zula Zarelli and then knocking out Johnny Ryan. Later he lost a hairline decision to Johnny Vacca, the man whom Frankie Genaro would not meet. This pair will soon fight a return bout in Lynn.

Johnny McIntyre of St. John's, Glace Bay, Portland and by-places, is now living in Corinna, not far from Bangor. Johnny would like to get another chance at Buddy Clark of Salem. Clark socked Johnny when the veteran's tongue was between his teeth, opening a bad cut and the referee stopped the battle.

Dunc McDonald staged another card in Bangor—this time with All-Maine talent. It was one of the finest shows ever staged here but only a handful of fans attended and the promoters lost about $300. In the main bout, Ruby Levine of Lewiston was a little too clever for the tigerish Paul Murphy and successfully defended his state featherweight crown in twelve furious rounds.

In the semi-final Larry Walsh of Dexter and Bobby Jones of Portland, contenders for the state lightweight title, finished about even.

Harry Goldstein, New England flyweight champ, successfully defended his title in Portland, giving Johnny Connolly of Brockton a bad beating in six rounds.

Bobby Brown of Lowell had the better of Eddie Desautels, Dover, N. H., welter, who is popular here, at the arena, Portland, April 27.

Lou Lambert lost a close decision to Young Delaney in Fall River, Mass., April 5.

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Training—Then and Now

By ARTHUR LUMLEY

THERE is a great deal of difference in training boxers for matches today from the old days of genuine prize fighting.

In the days of Morrissey and Heenan, two of the greatest prize fighters of early days, a man trained for muscle, and by the most heroic methods. He rose every morning at 5 o'clock, and after bathing, dressed in thick, warm clothing, with a fur cap and muffler, and went out for a ten-mile walk.

Upon returning, he was stripped by his assistants and rubbed with coarse toweling until his flesh was all aglow. He was then covered up warmly and allowed to lie still for half an hour. Then his assistants would rub him again, and he was quickly installed in dry clothes and allowed to take some wine and egg, when he was ready for breakfast, which he devoured ravenously.

This over, he went out on the grounds and commenced his work. This varied according to his fancy. Sometimes he rolled and tossed about balls, pulled at weights, fought a suspended bag filled with oats, sparred with friends and other healthful exercises.

THERE was one exercise in which he indulged which was most heroic. He started for a run on a small course which his trainers laid out, and after having gone around a dozen or twenty times, two persons—whoever felt inclined—stood on the side of the track, each with a heavy pair of boxing gloves on his hands, and as he ran through they simultaneously endeavored to knock him down. This was, of course, very violent exercise, and few except men of large powers of endurance attempted it.

At the conclusion of this day of muscle-making, there came another run-down, followed by a dinner of Spartan severity, served with Spartan-like simplicity. The meal was one of the most rural and rustic. It consisted of a number of fried beefsteaks, cooked rare, with a quantity of potatoes. This was washed down with spring water.

There was no attempt to introduce any variety in the diet, and breakfast and supper differed only in the fact that at the latter, the meat was cold. Vegetables were strictly prohibited, and smoking and drinking were heresies not to be considered.

When he ran he carried five-pound weights in the soles of his shoes, and every day he exercised by running fifteen miles behind a buggy which was drawn by a horse going at a good jog. A pugilist in those days got a great, heavy muscle in a month. When ready to fight he fought every day or until his trainers had finished the sporting season.

"THERE'S a good deal of difference between training down to a weight and working for catch weights," said Harry Gilmore, famous Chicago boxer of many years ago.

"It's a pleasure training at catch weights because then there is no worry and it don't make so much difference what you eat, although even then I would bar tobacco, pie, apple dumplings and all that stuff. Jimmy Barry was one of the best little lads to train down I ever had. You never had to watch him and he'd generally do what he was told.

"I mind the time when he fought Gorman at New Orleans. I had to get him down to 100 pounds. It was beastly hot and he was down to 101, and we'd work him hard and then couldn't get that last pound off. He didn't get a thing to drink but a bit of tea and ater. I used to watch him when he gargled the water after a run to see he didn't swallow any. He was just down to weight at 3 o'clock and we saved the forfeit.

"Another time when he was pulling down for his Roby fight I knew the police would stop it and so didn't care only to save the forfeit. He was like a sick man he was so fine, but we weighed him in all right. One day when I had him pretty near down to weight I told him not to touch any water. He went out for a walk and a fellow named King invited him into the house and gave him some cold tea and a little ale. When he came back I asked him if he had taken any drink.

"No," said Jimmy, grinning.

"You're lying now," said I, "get on the scales. Sure enough he climbed on and he went three pounds up.

"Tell me you haven't been drinking," I said.

"Well," said Barry, "It was only a bit of tea and a little ale." He had to work hard to get the three pounds off again.

"I REMEMBER when Barry went in to weigh for the Gorman fight. It was about three minutes of 3 o'clock and Barry said, "I guess I'll weigh now."

"I guess you'll wait until three," said Gorman, and Jimmy came near hitting Gorman right there. Barry knew I had a big bottle of beef tea waiting for him. That three minutes was most an hour to him.

"I came down once," declares Gilmore, "from 138 to 119, and fought at that weight. I didn't have a bit to drink, but a thimble of tea in a week."

BOXING IN EUROPE

(*Continued from page* 25)

another good little chap by the name of Paul Gay. The fight was a fast one all the way with Routis having the better of eight out of the twelve rounds.

At the same entertainment, Molina of the General Descamps stable, according to the judges lost the French middleweight title to Gandon, who is one of the late comers into the game. The decision was not to the liking of the majority of a crowd that packed the huge Velodrome. It was really a bad verdict.

Several American fighters have accepted terms offered by the American-French promoter, Jeff Dickson, to make an invasion of Europe next fall and winter under his management. Dickson has been flooded with applications from Americans since the articles were published in the Ring, that he could use some fighters from the States to advantage in France, England and Germany. Many managers wrote to Dickson offering to bring over one or more fighters, but requested return tickets for fighters, manager and trainers. Of course, to such, promoter Dickson, gave no attention, as he distinctly stated that expenses could be accorded to the fighters only.

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